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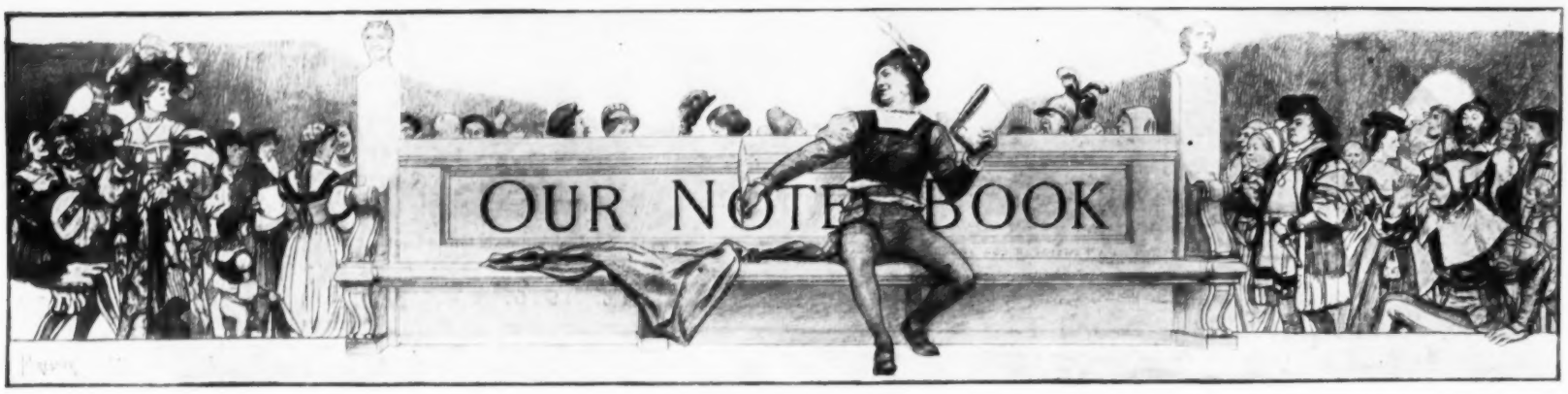
"THE CHALLENGE": A COSSACK SENTINEL IN THE CAUCASUS CHALLENGING AN ARRIVAL IN THE CAMP AT NIGHT.

Our artist has here drawn a characteristic type—his face lit up by the camp fire—of the famous Russian fighting-men who have done such fine work in the defence of their country during the war. The Cossacks are, of course, chiefly celebrated as a cavalry force, than which there is none more formidable in the world. As regards the Russians in the Caucasus and the recent Russian success in Persia, at Ave, in the direction of Hamadan, Mr. Lovat Fraser lately made a suggestive comment. "If you take your map and look northward towards the frosty Caucasus, you will see marked the city of Tiglis. At Tiglis sits the Grand Duke Nicholas, the very good friend of this country and a commander with a very long arm." Of the courage and ability of the Grand Duke the Allies have already had proofs innumerable and convincing.

FACSIMILE DRAWING BY H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIANS IN THE CAUCASUS. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

PRUSSIA, in putting up those gentle creatures the German Socialists to talk about terms, merely brought into prominence what was already in evidence. The Prussian Chancellor, indeed, said in the Reichstag that Prussia does not want "peace." Probably, however, the Prussian would find it convenient to bring about a truce: a truce not to bury the dead, but to drill and arm the living. If he gets it, he will probably triumph after all. If we refuse it, we have already triumphed.

In a previous speech the Prussian Chancellor made a belated attempt to talk of his ideals for Europe. When the Prussian talks of ideals we may be sure that he has very little left to talk of. We cannot do better, to begin with, than turn back to what he said before about his ideal aims, and check it soberly with its real applications. The occupation, grim as it is, is not without its gaiety. First of all, the Chancellor said that Germany desired the freedom of the seas. And we may, in a manner, concede that this is so. Several people have desired the freedom of the seas; and have complained that the British Navy interfered with it. Captain Kidd was strongly of that opinion; Mr. Teach, otherwise known as Blackbeard, probably agreed with him; Morgan, the buccaneer, was a great advocate of freedom on the sea; and no one will deny that the Prussians also are emancipators, if taking liberties is the same as creating liberty. Have they not brought adventurous death to the doors of placid people who might otherwise have ended their days in humdrum respectability? Have they not planned a picturesque end for people who no more expected to be killed in boats than to be killed in bathing machines? Have they not brought the glory of war to persons whom all previous civilisations have left in peace? Have they not organised aquatic sports of a sort that the sun has never looked on? No one will deny that they have been inventive and progressive in such things. But it is of a highly practical importance to make it plain that this is what the Prussian's inventiveness and progress really mean, and will continue to mean as long as it is he who indulges in them. By the freedom of the seas he means doing whatever he likes when at sea. What it is that he likes we already know.

He proceeded to say, probably with a slight effort, that they would do what they could for the rights of small nationalities. This may appear, at first, to be a shade more paradoxical. But yet, if we attempt the same earnest and sympathetic interpretation, may it not be in a manner justified? Did they not think first of Belgium? Did they not rush at once to her rescue, so to speak, unseduced by the more imposing fortresses on the long frontier of a first-class Power like France? They felt that at all costs that little land must enjoy as soon as possible the benefits of German administration, however impatient the more powerful nations might be for the same boon. The Chancellor originally admitted, much to the annoyance of many of his fellow-countrymen, that the attack on Liège was a wrong to be excused by necessity. In this misguided utterance he said, "France could afford to wait, we could not." Probably he meant to say, "France could afford to wait, Belgium could not," so heartrending was the Belgian appeal for the intervention of the protector of small nations. Enlightened by this thought, we are able to trace the same tender intention in the concern of Austria for Serbia. So friendly was Austria towards all smaller kingdoms that she wished to relieve the poor Serbians of the labour of conducting their own law courts and their own police stations. Here, again, the practical moral for us is unaltered. If the Germanic Powers love small nations, that is how they love them. If they intend to protect them, that is what they mean by protecting them. It is as well to know these things. It was said, and this is very important, that Prussia had desired peace before the war as well as after it. If we are to regard this statement as having any basis, or even any meaning, we must admit that the Germanic Powers did not regard any of their own proposals as provocative. It was not a provocation to Serbia to order her to suppress by Austrian lawlessness papers that could not be suppressed by Serbian law. It was not a provocation to make King Peter do as the servant of Austria what he actually was not allowed to do as the Sovereign of Serbia. It was not a provocation to tell a Constitutional King to destroy his own Constitution within twenty-four hours. The Serbians ought to have accepted all this as the most natural thing in the world. Russia, the trusted champion of the free Balkan States, ought to have accepted this violent evisceration of one of them as the most natural thing in the world. Very well. If, therefore, the Prussian said then or says now that he wants peace, this is the sort of peace that he wants. He wants a peace in which he can suddenly tell any authority anywhere to take away its own policeman from the corner of its own street, and put a Prussian policeman there instead. He wants a peace in which the British Constitution can be broken up in twenty-four hours whenever he wants it broken up. He wants a peace in which he can say, whenever the fancy takes him, that American judges are not good enough to preside at American trials or that French detectives cannot be trusted to arrest French criminals; he wants a peace in which he can say this, and be sure of having the judges and detectives immediately removed. The links in the chain of logic here are quite inseparable and unbreakable. As he certainly said that his proposals ought to have led to peace for Europe, the only possible deduction is that they ought to have led to omnipotence for himself.

SQUADR.-COMMANDER ROBERT GORDON, R.N.A.S.

FLIGHT-COMMDR. JOHN TULLOCH CULL, R.N.A.S.

CAPTAIN ERIC JOHN ARTHUR FULLERTON, R.N.

COMMANDER ROBERT AMCOTTS WILSON, R.N.

The four officers whose portraits we give (and Flight Sub-Lieut. Harwood James Arnold, R.N.A.S.) have been appointed to the D.S.O. for operations against the "Koenigsberg." Squadron-Commander Gordon (Captain (Temporary Major), R.M.) was in command of the Air Squadron, and ran great risks in "spotting" and reconnoitring. Flight-Commander Cull and Flight Sub-Lieut. Arnold were "spotting" under fire in a biplane which was so damaged that it descended in a quarter of an hour from 3200 feet to 2000 feet. Without attempting to return to headquarters, although they knew that unless they started at once they could not do so, Flight Sub-Lieut. Arnold continued to send his signals, and Flight-Commander Cull controlled the machine to the last, although the biplane was again hit. Finally, the aeroplane came down in the river, and Flight-Commander Cull was nearly drowned. Captain Fullerton, in charge of the two monitors, conducted very successfully the operations in the river. Commander Wilson, also of the monitors, did most valuable work.

Photographs by Barkell, Swaine, and Russell.

Now herein lies the importance, as regards his new talk of peace, of his old pleas for the freedom of the sea, for nationalities, and for the future harmony of the world. It does not matter to us whether, in professing to care for these things, he is simply a greasy hypocrite or an extraordinarily self-deluded dreamer. What matters is that the Prussian, well knowing what he did on the sea, what he did to nationalities, and what he proposed by way of peace, still justifies them and will continue them whenever he can. If Prussia can, in the face and full memory of these facts, calmly repeat her aims as her ideals, then she does not or will not see anything other than ideal about them. In peace or war, the lives of women and children going on journeys are rightly dependent upon the caprice of the German Government; in peace or war, the frontiers of free nations are liable to sudden visitations and violations whenever there is a German "necessity"; in peace or war, any Constitutional liberties in any independent kingdom can be suspended by the most abrupt German order.

If we make any kind of peace at this moment, the whole of this astounding attitude is unchecked and unchanged. Prussia's successes are indeed quite inadequate for the continuance of her action. But they are quite adequate for the continuance of her attitude. Peace to-day would be a benediction upon butchery and treachery and the utter irresponsibility of big battalions. Peace to-day would be nothing else but that; it would not even be peace to-morrow. Prussia's conception of herself is of a sort of Rome, to which all realms belong by a transcendental right, and which has a mission to remake mankind. Only wherever the Roman eagles went some sort of songs and arts followed. But wherever, even in Germany, the shadow of the Prussian eagle has passed, the birds of the woods have fallen silent.

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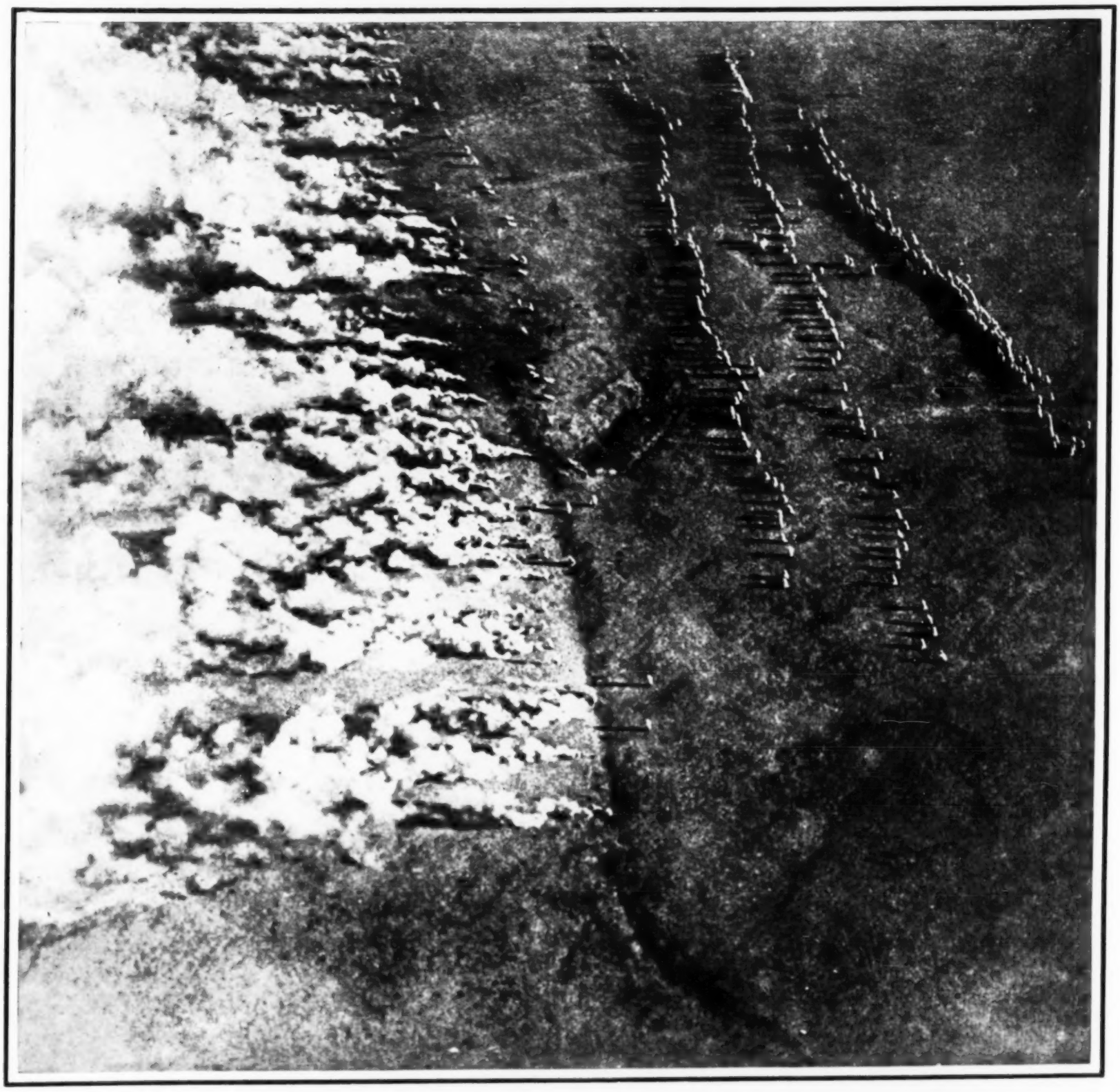
A GERMAN GAS-ATTACK SEEN FROM THE AIR: A REMARKABLE "SNAP."



THE Germans have been using gas not only in the Western theatre of war, but in the Eastern. Fortunately, the Allies have found means to fight it very successfully. It will be recalled that a semi-official defence of the German employment of gases, published in the "Cologne Gazette," said: "The basic idea of the Hague agreements was to prevent unnecessary cruelty and unnecessary killing when milder methods of putting the enemy out of action suffice and are possible. From this standpoint the letting loose of smoke-clouds, which, in a gentle wind, move quite slowly towards the enemy, is not only permissible by international law, but is an extraordinarily mild method of war. . . . Those who were not indignant . . . when our enemies in Flanders summoned water as a weapon against us, have no cause to be indignant when we make air our ally and employ it to carry stupefying gases against the enemy. What the Hague Convention desired to prevent was the destruction without chance of escape of human lives *en masse*, which would have been the case if shells with poisonous gas were rained down on a defenceless enemy who did not see them coming and was exposed to them irremediably." That, of course, is begging the question for the sake of neutrals; and it will be noted that it does not indicate the poisonous nature of the gases employed by the enemy. The Germans have three methods, at least, of using gas. In certain cases cylinders are used, and the gas is released from a nozzle, to be blown towards the enemy by a favourable wind. Another method is to place in small cans glass vessels filled with liquid poison-gas and surrounded by saw-dust to prevent them breaking prematurely. By night, German soldiers will take these and will crawl with them towards the opposing lines, placing them on the ground as near as possible to the Allied trenches, usually just outside the wire entanglements and visible from their own trenches. The tins are left with their lids unfastened. When daylight comes, and the wind is blowing towards the Allies, the Germans fire at the tins with their rifles. A hit breaks the bottle within and releases the gas, which floats towards the Allies' trenches. The Germans also use gas-shells.

THE POISONOUS FUMES ROLLING TOWARDS THE RUSSIANS; AND GERMAN TROOPS BEHIND WAITING TO ATTACK AFTER THE GAS HAS DONE ITS WORK: AN ENEMY GAS-ATTACK UPON THE RUSSIANS PHOTOGRAPHED BY A RUSSIAN AIRMAN IN FLIGHT.

The photograph here given was taken by a Russian airman in flight, and shows the beginning of a gas-attack made by the Germans. The poisonous clouds are seen as they are rolling towards the Russian lines after liberation from cylinders worked by the men seen behind the fumes. Behind these men are troops waiting to follow up the attack.

IN COLOUR AND LINE:

THE BOOK BEAUTIFUL.

IN spite of the losses inevitably suffered by purveyors of luxuries in war time, the publishers have put a brave front upon the matter. In the goodly array of these latest examples of the book beautiful here marshalled for review there is little to indicate that it is not a peace parade, save an occasional allusion in prefaces and footnotes or a Red Cross on a cover to denote profits devoted to war charity.

There is a very close association between warfare and the subject of the first volume on our list—"A Book of Bridges," by Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., and Walter Shaw Sparrow (John Lane). It is hardly necessary to explain that Mr. Frank Brangwyn is the illustrator, and Mr. Walter Sparrow the author. The artist has given of his best to this beautiful series of drawings. The thirty-six colour-plates show his customary broad, strong handling, eminently suited to the massive forms of pontine architecture, and the touch of poetic imagination that always marks his work. The numerous black-and-white drawings possess the same qualities, shown in bold contrasts of light and shade. Especially interesting are the pictures of mediæval fortified bridges in France, England, and Spain. The author of this fascinating volume, Mr. Sparrow, has been collecting material for it for five-and-twenty years.

Associated in a different way with the war—or rather, with the Balkan States—from the fact that the author is the Queen of Roumania, is her new book, "The Dreamer of Dreams" (Hodder and Stoughton), illustrated by Edmund Dulac. The book, which is a fairy-story, religious in sentiment, is dedicated "To my daughter Ileana," the youngest of the three daughters of the present Queen of Roumania, who, it may be recalled, is a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria. The six colour-plates exhibit M. Dulac's usual delicacy of design and beauty of colouring. The frontispiece, with the white lady and the two white bears, is most effective.

In his illustrations to "Rabbi Ben Ezra; and Other Poems," by Robert Browning (Hodder and Stoughton), Mr. Bernard Partridge shows himself as skilful with the romantic brush as he is with the satiric pencil in the pages of *Punch*. Perhaps the best are the frontispiece, and the illustration to "Prospice": "Where he stands, the arch-fear in a visible form, yet the strong man must go," a thought particularly appropriate in these dark days and finely expressed in the painter's vision.

"A House of Pomegranates," by Oscar Wilde, with sixteen illustrations by Jessie M. King, contains four stories: "The Young King," "The Birthday of the Infanta," "The Fisherman and His Soul," and "The Star-Child." The quality of the illustrations is of a high order, showing something more than fancifulness of design and prettiness of colouring.

"The Book of Old English Songs and Ballads" (Hodder and Stoughton) has also a feminine illustrator, Miss Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale. Her work is in a different manner, more realistic, as befits her subjects—mostly scenes from old English life. There are about twenty-four colour-plates, among the most attractive being those which illustrate "Barbara Allen," "Passing By," and "The Character of a Happy Life"; the latter poem, by the way, is hardly a song, and certainly not a ballad. Neither do Spenser's "Prothalamion" and some other pieces included come within the category of the book's title. But this, after all does not greatly matter.

Yet another woman illustrator is represented by an edition of "Tales from Shakespeare," by Charles and Mary Lamb (Robert Scott), arranged and illustrated by Miss May Mullner. Queen Mary has accepted a copy of the book, the proceeds of the sale of the first five hundred copies of which are to go to the British Red Cross Fund. Miss Mullner has chosen rather an ambitious subject, in which, of course, her work must stand comparison with that of many famous artists. She would be well advised, perhaps, to essay tasks less formidable. Her Rosalind (frontispiece) and her Portia both suffer from shortness of stature. While on the subject of Shakespeare we may mention two slender and charming little editions of some of his sonnets and songs illuminated by Edith A. Ibs, the text in antique type, with illuminated initials and borders, and a frontispiece in the same style. Her work is delicate and tasteful.

An attractive edition of Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius" (John Lane) has ten finely imaginative illustrations in black and white by Stella Langdale, and an introduction by Gordon Tidy. The artist's task to convey a sense of the sublime in religious visions is, perhaps, the hardest thing that an illustrator could attempt, for, as everyone knows, the step from the sublime to the ridiculous is very short. These drawings never cross the border. Some of them recall the work of William Blake.

Strong black-and-white work of another kind—polemical satire—is seen in Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan's book of war cartoons, "The Kaiser's Garland." These forty-four drawings are an unsparing pictorial indictment of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince and Germans in general. The satire is fierce and even gruesome, but none can say that it is unjust. Perhaps the most striking cartoons are "Ich Selbst und Gott"—the Kaiser's conception of himself and the Deity—and the vision of the swine-like Zeppelins, when the pigs begin to fly.

It is a far cry from these grim cartoons to Mr. E. Temple Thurston's quiet story telling of the joys and sorrows of a country parson—"The Open Window" (Chapman and Hall), illustrated in colour and line by Charles Robinson. This artist's well-known work is sometimes almost too faintly delicate, his figures looking like pale ghosts in a world of dreams. Still, they suit very well the spirit of the book.

We come now to a number of books of fairy tales and other stories for young people. Among these, pride of place must be given to two books illustrated by that inimitable humourist who is also a master of colour work, Mr. W. Heath Robinson. The first is an edition of Kingsley's "Water-Babies," for which he has done eight exquisite colour-plates and an uncountable quantity of black-and-white drawings in his brightest manner. The other book is a cheaper reprint of his own work, "Bill the Minder" (Constable), first published in 1912, in which he is the author of the story as well as of the pictures. In the latter his comic genius has even better scope in the line drawings than in "The Water-Babies," while the sixteen colour-plates are of equal beauty. Often colour and humour are combined.

Another well-known artist, Mr. Arthur Rackham, has entered a field that is new to him, leaving for a time his twisted trees and goblins and the world of faery. He has come out as an illustrator of Dickens. The experiment, which is a distinct success, takes the form of an edition of "A Christmas Carol," with twelve colour-plates and numerous black-and-white drawings. Mr. Rackham has evidently found the task congenial, and his portrait of Scrooge and Marley's ghost, Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim, and the Fezziwigs, lend a new charm to the immortal story.

A very attractive story-book for children, excellently illustrated, is "Grandmother's Fairy Tales," from the French of Charles Robert Dumas (Heinemann), by Pia Hewlitt, illustrated (in colour and line) by Maurice Lalau. "Some talk of Alexander," but the work of Charles Robert Dumas is not so familiar to English readers. It is, on that account, all the more welcome, especially as the nursery demand for fresh fairy tales can never possibly be satisfied.

Another attractive English version of a foreign story is "The Child of the Sea," retold by S. R. Littlewood, and illustrated in colour and black and white by Honor C. Appleton. Mr. Littlewood has retold it, for children, from Southey's translation of the Portuguese writer Vasco Lobeira's tale of Amadis and Oriana. The eight colour-plates are very dainty.

A story from the Arabian Nights, "Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Perée Banon" (Gay and Hancock), has five colour-plates by Charles Robinson. In contrast to his work mentioned before, he has appropriately adopted here stronger outlines and more vivid colours in Oriental settings. We mention last, not as being least important, but as being unillustrated and thus not strictly within our category, a collection of "Russian Folk-Tales," with introduction and notes by Leonard A. Magnus, LL.D. (Kegan Paul). They have been translated from the great Russian collection of folk-tales by Afanasev. The book, which contains seventy-four short stories, will form another link in our new friendship with Russia.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"WHO IS HE?" AT THE HAYMARKET.

THE mysterious person who somehow wins a reputation for being terrible, and is really the mildest of men—could you have a better subject for farce? Make him a lodger with foolish folk who see criminal intent in every trace of eccentricity, and have for son a detective even more foolish than they and on the look-out for a notorious uncaught murderer, and it is obvious what can be made out of the idea. Your unknown, who is really a harmless nobleman getting over a love disappointment, has only to have a habit of keeping indoors all day and going about at night to lay himself open to instant suspicion. And then that revolver in his cupboard, that trick of his with batches of buns he stuffed with half-crowns, did not these things argue remorse on the one hand and desperation on the other? You can guess how the old couple debated the affair—he an ex-butler who revels in romantic horror; she a timorous, motherly body who plays eavesdropper in her desperate fear lest the stranger should make away with the charming young lady on the top floor whom he so obviously attracts. As you might expect, it is all very slight and trivial, but at the same time very quaint and pleasing, with a Dickensian touch about it, this play which Mr. Vachell has shaped so cleverly out of one of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's tales of mystery. The dramatist owes much, needless to say, to Mr. Henry Ainley, who with his "Mr. Parker" adds yet another masterpiece to his gallery of oddities in which Ham Carve and old Quinney have honoured places. But almost as much in debt is Mr. Vachell to Miss Clare Greet, whose fussy but good-natured landlady is a joy at her every appearance.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Capture of De Wet. P. J. Sampson. 10s. 6d. net. (*Arnold.*)
With Our Army in Flanders. G. Valentine Williams. 12s. 6d. net. (*Arnold.*)
Some "Frightful" War-Pictures. W. Heath Robinson. 2s. 6d. net. (*Duckworth.*)
The Adventures of Teddy Tail of the Daily Mail. Told and pictured by Charles Folkard. 1s. net. (*Black.*)
Java. Donald Maclaine Campbell. Two vols. 36s. net. (*Heinemann.*)
Nurse Cavell: The Story of Her Life and Martyrdom. 6d. net. (*Pearson.*)
With the First Canadian Contingent. Published on behalf of the Canadian Field Comforts Commission. 2s. 6d. net. (*Hodder and Stoughton.*)
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Russia, the Balkans, and the Dardanelles. Granville Fortescue. 6s. (*Melrose.*)
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Crimes of England. G. K. Chesterton. 2s. 6d. net. (*Palmer and Hayward.*)
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ON THE RETREAT IN SERBIA.

BY JAN GORDON.

(Late Engineer, etc., Dr. Berry's Hospital, Vrntze.)

AT Vrntze, in Serbia, the hospitals received no news, only rumours which were contradicted every next day, until Sir Ralph Paget, the British Commissioner, arrived. He came hurriedly in a motor filled with secretaries and dispatch-boxes, told us that the game was up, that the Serbian authorities would provide no transport for the English hospitals, and that in consequence all must stay where they were and be taken prisoners. He suggested that the men of military age who were not doctors ought to go, to avoid permanent internment, and put me in charge of a party which consisted of the following: Mr. West, Serbian Relief; and Messrs. Mawson, Cutting, Willott, Rogerson, Elmer, Watmough, Owen, Hilder, of the British Red Cross; with Mrs. Gordon and Mr. Blease, of the Royal Free Hospital.

We were forced to go north to Kralievo, which we reached riding in the rain on the roof of the train, for there was no room inside. We slept in the telegraph office. The next day we hunted Kralievo for food. All the bread-shops were closed, the hotels would only sell meat dishes without vegetables, and no one would change paper money, so if one could not spend ten francs at once one could buy nothing at all. The roads were deep in black mud, which the motors splashed over everyone. There were bread riots at the station, where grain was being unloaded from the trains. Though we had a bread order from the Government, we could only get minute allowances, by threats; and I almost despaired of getting provisions for my little band until I was told that three English Red Cross trucks filled with provisions were in the station. We looted corn-beef, biscuits, rice, and cocoa.

Beyond the station was a large open plain where the French aeroplanes had landed. This plain was now filled with cannon which Serbian engineers were smashing up, as they could not be withdrawn. Now and again Austrian aeroplanes passed over, but they dropped no bombs.

Sir Ralph Paget procured us ten springless country carts; we had many extra passengers and luggage as far as Rashka, and were so overladen that most of the men were forced to tramp the whole way. The road was crowded: ox-carts, carriages, Austrian prisoners, boys (hundreds of these), and wounded by the score. Some we had to dress by the wayside, tearing bandages from towels. Motors pushed through the crowds, motors in every state of disrepair—many without tyres. When we dropped into the valley of the Ebar the congestion became even worse. Often one had to constitute oneself traffic superintendent in order to keep the mass moving. The first night we slept by the roadside in the rain. The next day the procession went on. If an animal fell from exhaustion, the traffic bumped over it till it died, and so I shot a horse which had fallen across the road. In the night the boys built thousands of large fires to keep themselves warm, ruthlessly tearing down fences and even barns to get wood; we could get no Government hay for our horses, and were forced to loot the haystacks by the roadside for fodder.

We reached Rashka after three days. About twenty-five of the Stobart's Unit were already here, and forty Scottish Women. Bread was ten francs a loaf if one could buy it; the Austrian prisoners were receiving one loaf between three men every four days; many of the Serbian boys told me that they had eaten nothing for three days. One wounded soldier came to our camp fire and asked for a little food; he said he was going back to the army next day. "But you cannot—wounded!" we protested. He shook his head. "Better that than starve to death," he said.

Against the advice of all the authorities, who assured me that Skoplje would fall in a few days, I had decided to leave the main trail of fugitives, which went due south to Mitrovitza, and take an easterly direction direct to Berane through Novi Bazar. I had heard Mitrovitza was so crowded that the only bed left was the pavement; that bread was even more difficult to get than at Rashka. I knew that the route through Ipek was exceedingly hazardous because of new snow and avalanches, so, in spite of orders, I decided to take the straight northern route, although no one could tell me anything about it.

At Novi Bazar the small Albanian shopkeepers said that they knew the route and that it was a good one, and I procured Government permission to take my wagons on as far as Tutijne. Here we began the real mountain tracks. No wheeled traffic can pass, and even the horse trails are deep in stiff, clayey mud. We obtained five wretched horses to carry our food and blankets, but at the last moment a Serbian professor (a poet) clung to us; commandeered one of our horses because, he said, he could not walk, in consequence of which we had to throw away a good deal of our baggage. The authorities were all looking miserable, and confessed that if the Albanian population learned how things were going in Serbia their situation would be exceedingly dangerous, and we were enjoined the strictest silence.

We reached Rozaj at night, absolutely exhausted. The filthy café floor seemed the cosiest bed we had found for many a long day. From Rozaj to Berane we had an escort of four armed policemen, for the country is infested by a band of brigands—originally Turkish shopkeepers of Berane who have been turned from their homes by the Montenegrins. The policemen may have protected us, but they looted our spare boots and overcoats. From Berane to Andrievitza, from Andrievitza to Lieva Rieka, we tramped. The weather broke, but we were nearing our journey's end. We reached Podgoritza by motor-car, crossed the lake of Scutari in an old Turkish gun-boat which blew up two days later. From Scutari we rode to San Giovanni di Medua, where an Austrian torpedo lay on the beach, caught the last vessel that left the port—a French cargo-tramp which had been forbidden to take passengers because she had no life-saving appliances. Escorted by an Italian torpedo-destroyer and an English gun-boat, in spite of the Austrian submarines, we reached Brindisi, where we said, "Thank God we are back in Europe!"

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

Photographs by Mullins, Lafayette, Stuart, Langfier, Hills and Saunders, Sport and General, Annie Bell, and Elliott and Fry.

CAPTAIN A. W. BALDERS, NORFOLK REGT.

LIEUT.-COL. H. J. MADOCKS, R. WELSH FUSILIERS.

MAJOR C. O. N. WILLIAMS, R. LANCASTER REGT.

CAPTAIN J. H. COURTIS, OXFORDSHIRE AND BUCKS L.I.

2ND LIEUT. BASIL P. CUXSON, R. SCOTS REGT.

CAPTAIN H. LEONARD WATTS, ESSEX REGT.

CAPTAIN JOHN NICHOLSON, ARMY ORDNANCE DEPT.

2ND LIEUT. A. S. MACDONELL, CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

FLIGHT SUB-LIEUT. B. F. M. HUGHES, R.N.A.S.

CAPTAIN A. D. L. CAMPBELL, DURHAM L.I.

CAPTAIN CYRIL TUKE, BLACK WATCH.

2ND LIEUT. H. GORDON SIMPSON, DUKE OF CORNWALL'S L.I.

LIEUT. T. W. CASLON, R. FIELD ARTILLERY.

LIEUT. C. R. LE BLANC SMITH, RIFLE BRIGADE.

MAJOR HUGH C. L. COCK, R. GARRISON ARTILLERY.

2ND LIEUT. J. S. PRESSLY, K.O. YORKSHIRE L.I.

LIEUT. J. B. CLIBBORN, CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.

LIEUT. R. A. RITCHIE, NORFOLK REGT.

LIEUT. WILLIAM CAMERON, Q.O. CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

2ND LIEUT. E. C. MIDGLEY, K.O. YORKSHIRE L.I.

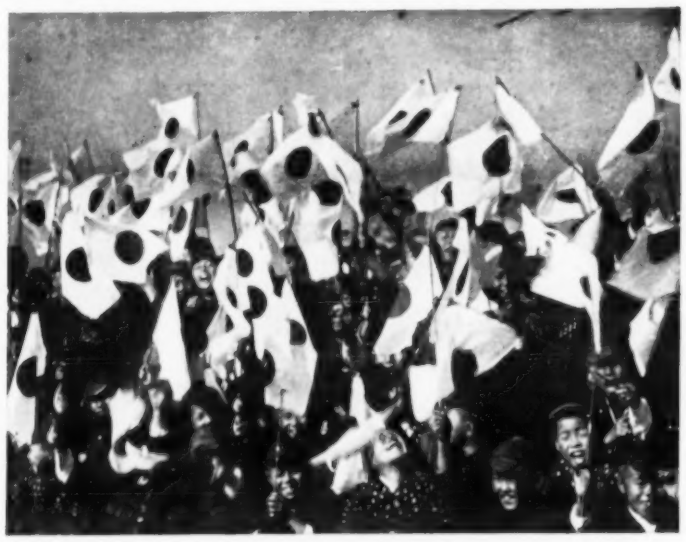
Lieut.-Col. Henry John Madocks, of Old Basing House, Basingstoke, was the eldest son of the late Mr. Henry Robarts Madocks and the Hon. Mrs. Madocks. He was mentioned in despatches for services in the Ungoro Expedition, 1895, and in Uganda, and was wounded in the South African War, and awarded the Queen's medal (four clasps) and King's medal (two clasps). Major C. O. N. Williams was the second son of the late Col. Ben Williams, C.B. Capt. John Harold Courtis was the son of Sir John and Lady Courtis, of Fairwater Croft, Llandaff. Sir John was Lord Mayor of Cardiff, 1911-12. 2nd Lieut. A. S. Macdonell was the only son of Professor and Mrs. Macdonell, of Chadlington Road, Oxford. Capt. Cyril Tuke had been mentioned in despatches, as, too, had 2nd Lieut. H. Gordon Simpson. Lieut. C. Ralph Le Blanc Smith was the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Le Blanc Smith, of The Lordship, Standon, Herts. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and was a well-known and very popular rowing Blue, and President of the C.U.B.C. in 1912-13. Major Hubert Charles Langlow Cock had served with distinction in West Africa, receiving the medal with clasp for the Kano-Sokoto Campaign, and a further clasp for services in Northern Nigeria, when he was mentioned in despatches. 2nd Lieuts. J. S. Pressly and Midgley were schoolfellows, gazetted the same day in the same regiment, killed by the same shell, and buried in the same grave—a series of most remarkable and pathetic coincidences. Lieut. William Cameron was the only son of the Rev. Alex Cameron, of Sleat, Skye.

THE JAPANESE ENTHRONEMENT: "CORONATION" DAY IN KYOTO.

Photographs by Record Press.

THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN RETURNING FROM HIS ENTHRONEMENT: THE IMPERIAL CARRIAGE, WITH A MOUNTED ESCORT, LEAVING THE SCENE OF THE CEREMONY.

NOT PERMITTED TO LOOK DOWN UPON THEIR EMPEROR FROM ROOFS OR WINDOWS: A "CORONATION" DAY CROWD IN JAPAN.

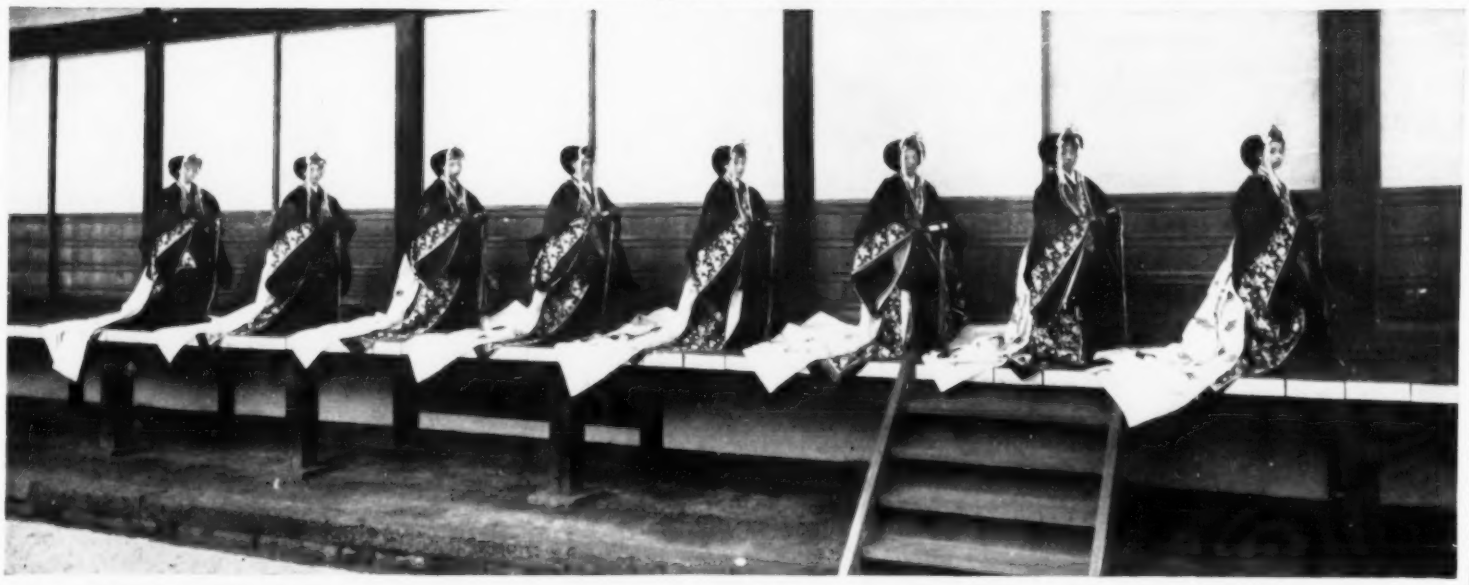


JAPAN'S RISING GENERATION ON "CORONATION" DAY: HAPPY CHILDREN WAVING BANNERS.

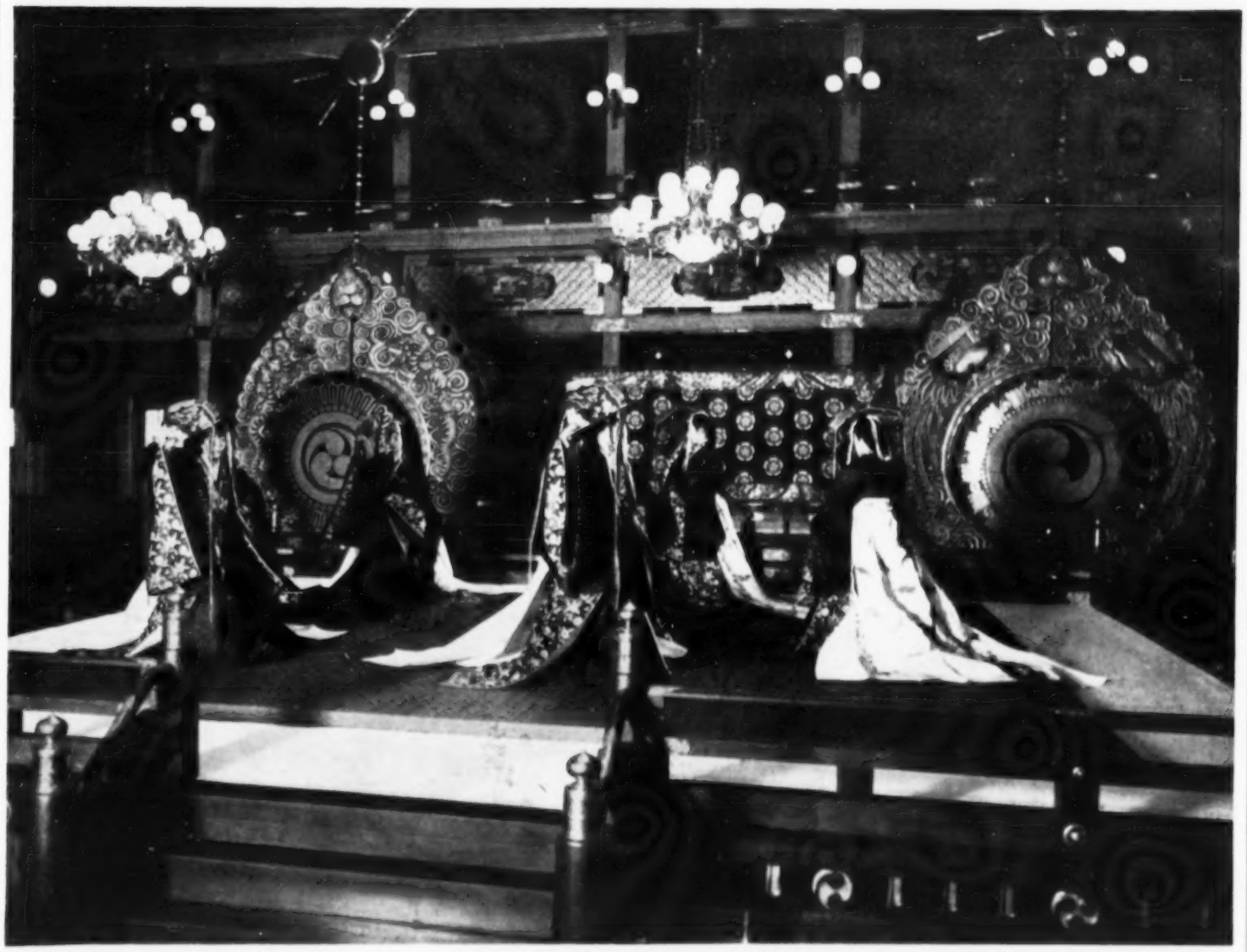
A PICTURESQUE ELEMENT IN JAPANESE LIFE: A PROCESSION OF GEISHA ON "CORONATION" DAY.

As explained under our illustrations of Japanese Coronation ceremonies in our issue of the 11th, the word "coronation" is not strictly correct, as no crowning of the Emperor takes place, and no crown is used. The Japanese name of the occasion does not seem to have received an exact English equivalent, but the word "enthronement" has been suggested as more nearly applicable. What happens on the great day is that after the expiration of the period of mourning for the late Emperor (in this case extended by that for the late Empress Dowager) the new Emperor announces his assumption of the Imperial authority to the spirits of his ancestors, the Japanese people, and the world in general. The Emperor Yoshihito performed this ceremony on November 10 at Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan. In the morning he recited his Imperial report to his ancestors in the sanctuary; in the afternoon he read the Imperial Rescript addressed to the nation and the foreign representatives. At the end the Prime Minister, Count Okuma, replied, concluding by giving three "banzais"—the signal for the whole country to burst into acclamation. An interesting point about the public rejoicings is that the people are not allowed to watch the Imperial procession pass from roofs and windows, as none must look down upon the Emperor.

THE GOSETSU-NO-MAI: A SACRED DANCE AT THE KYOTO ENTHRONEMENT.



DANCERS OF THE GOSETSU-NO-MAI: JAPANESE GIRLS OF NOBLE BIRTH INSTRUCTED TO PERFORM THE SACRED DANCE, ONE OF THE CEREMONIES AFTER THE IMPERIAL ENTHRONEMENT.



THE DANCE OF THE FIVE NOBLE VIRGINS, AS PERFORMED AFTER THE JAPANESE IMPERIAL ENTHRONEMENT: DAUGHTERS OF JAPANESE NOBLES DANCING THE GOSETSU-NO-MAI.

The Gosetsu-no-Mai, a sacred dance performed by five beautiful virgins of noble birth, is the principal ceremony of the day following that on which the enthronement of an Emperor of Japan takes place. It will be noted that in the upper photograph there are eight girls. Probably (though we have no information on the subject) five of these are selected for the actual dance before the Emperor, eight being trained in case any should be prevented from performing on the occasion. The eight girls seen in the upper photograph are the daughters of: (1) Count Jimyoni Hiro; (2) Baron Funatashi Atsu; (3) Marquis Seikanji Uta; (4) Count Takakuri Nori; (5) Count Hagiwara Tane; (6) Viscount Yamamoto Tomo; (7) Viscount Yamamoto Sachi; (8) Count Ishimo Kagu. The costumes in the ancient Japanese style worn by those who take part in the enthronement ceremonies make the scene a pageant of colour and picturesqueness in the exquisite taste of Japan. Public rejoicings continue long after the actual day of enthronement, and throughout this month of December fêtes are being held in the great cities of Japan. The national love of ornate ritual finds full expression on such an occasion as this.

BRITISH FACING BULGARIANS: OUR TROOPS ON THE BALKAN FRONT.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.

WAITING FOR THE ENEMY TO COME IN SIGHT: A BRITISH OUTPOST EXPECTING THE BULGARIANS TO SHOW ON THE HIGH GROUND IN FRONT.

IN THE ICE-COLD WINDS OF WINTER AMONG THE BALKAN UPLANDS: A BRITISH SENTRY AT HIS POST, WRAPPED UP AGAINST THE BITTER WEATHER.

QUICK WORK IN AN UGLY-LOOKING NEIGHBOURHOOD: GETTING A MACHINE-GUN INTO POSITION IN A SECTION OF THE BRITISH LINE.

SCANNING THE GROUND FOR SIGNS OF THE ENEMY'S ADVANCE-GUARD PATROLS: AN OUTPOST LOOK-OUT EXAMINING SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS IN THE DISTANCE.

LEAVING SALONIKA IN A SNOWSTORM: A BRITISH CYCLISTS' DETACHMENT ON THE MARCH.

AT ONE OF THE BRITISH TROOPS' BIVOUACS: HIGHLANDERS (ONE SKIN-COATED, ALTHOUGH BARE-KNEED) WHO ARE OF GENERAL MAHON'S COMMAND.

It is possible, indeed it becomes comparatively easy, to realise, by means of the above illustrations, something of the rough conditions of the warfare on the Graeco-Serbian frontier to the south and south-west of Strumnitza, in the direction of the Vardar Valley, and the sort of country in which Sir Bryan Mahon's troops are engaged. Barren and rock-strewn hills, steep-sided and rugged, and seamed with narrow ravines and gorges, are the characteristic features of the whole district, the surface of the ground affording little cover except what can be gained by artificial means, by lines of trenches and dug-out shelters, which have to be in most cases hurriedly excavated as the enemy are reported to be ever nearing in formidable masses. The westward retreat of the Serbian Army into Albania and Montenegro has freed the enemy for the time from the need of continuing to press in that direction, and has enabled the whole of the Bulgarian Army in particular to come down with the suddenness of an avalanche on the handful of Anglo-French troops in the south-east corner of Serbia. How the British troops await the enemy and prepare to meet them the illustrations show in detail. Also they suggest the hardships of a Balkan winter. It is a relief to learn that British and French reinforcements and supplies of munitions are arriving at Salonika by day and night.

WITH THE BRITISH TROOPS IN THE BALKANS: PREPARING A BATTLEFIELD

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

ONE OF THE POSITIONS TAKEN UP BY OUR MEN: A BRITISH TRENCH UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN THE BALKANS—AND EXTENDING ACROSS A VALLEY AND OVER A HILL.

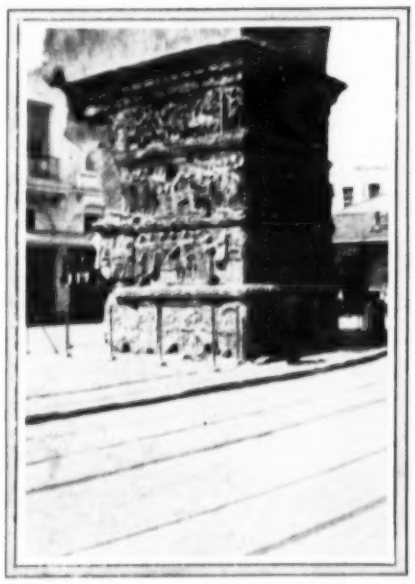
Forced by the circumstances of the situation to fight on the defensive on all occasions as our British troops and the French in the Balkans are, continual entrenchment in every position that is capable of being held is the only course practicable for them. One connected line of trenches, as seen in the above illustration, extended across the open in places and had to be taken over high ground in order to maintain the local line of front unbroken. In the illustration of the position, the trench, part of which is seen in the foreground, is carried on outside the limits of the picture and curves away to the left in order to defend the crest or ridge of sloping ground or small hill, partly in view in the background to the left. One advantage that the open surface of the country and its bare nature, devoid of cover, affords troops entrenched on the defensive is that the attack has to be delivered fully exposed to the defenders' fire, in consequence of which, as seems to be well established, the Bulgarian losses have been exceptionally heavy.

SALONIKA.

ANOTHER city of ancient foundation comes into the war-zone again—Salonika. It has had its share of war experience from the far off days when it was founded. Exactly when that was is not known with any certainty, and it is clothed with what may be called historic haze. The general reader will, perhaps, know that its present name is a brevity for the Thessalonica of the Scriptures, but there are a considerable number who do not know this. However, long before it received the designation here referred to, it had a quite different name—that of Therma; so it was a renaming that befell it.

A city of considerable age and of some importance in those days, say, about 2500 years ago, it was taken and occupied by the Athenians in B.C. 432. About a hundred and twenty years later, Cassander, King of Macedonia, who had obtained possession of Athens and other cities of Southern Greece in B.C. 318, impressed with its importance and the possibilities it seemed to hold, or thinking it would give him credit and honour, took somewhat unusual steps to secure his end. He gathered, so it is said, the inhabitants of some adjacent places, and—perhaps willy-nilly—decided they should be the nucleus of the greater place which was to continue Therma, but not with its ancient name. That disappeared, as in the case of an old city of Japan in more recent days, and a new one was provided—Thessalonica.

It had something to do with love of a woman, perhaps, or it might have been used as a compliment to her or to her family. Thessalonica was his wife and a half-sister of Alexander—the Great—a daughter of Philip of Macedonia. Anyway, the connection was illustrious. From the time of its renaming it began to grow vigorously and with increasing importance; whether this was due to its natural advantages, its position, or from judicious advertising by its patron, is not clear and may not now be determined. Its over-sea trade began to be considerable, for it was splendidly situated for commerce with the Hellespont and the Ægean. It was probably the most important seaport of Macedonia. The Romans, who were in occupation in B.C. 168, divided Macedonia into four provinces, independent of each other, and Thessalonica was the capital of the portion between the Strymon and Axius. Under the same rule it became still more important as being on the route of the Via Egnatia, a way which led from the western side of Greece to Byzantium and the further East. Its value in that connection is certainly as great to-day; and deep in the brain of the Kaiser has probably lain the plan of the expansion of the modern Hun empire, in emulation or imitation of Alexander of old. There is an added interest about the city because St. Paul was in it in 53, and a year or two later sent epistles to his friends there from Antioch.



TRAM-LINES UNDER AN ANCIENT GREEK MONUMENT: THE BASE OF THE ARCH OF ALEXANDER, SALONIKA.

There is a story of a tremendous tragedy in connection with the city which eternally brands with infamy the name of Theodosius, Roman Emperor of the East. It may be inferred that he had a pretty high opinion of the powers of an emperor—or, at any rate, of an autocrat. This story will show. In 387 a riot took place at Antioch, evidently arising out of hatred, personally or otherwise, of Theodosius, and it was a serious matter. Evidently the troops or military were with him, for he penalised and punished the city in a very degrading way. But he condescendingly pardoned the offence at the entreaty of the city Senate and that of Constantinople. These were days of coercion evidently, with a strong touch of voluntaryism on the part of the ruler. But it is clear that this man was of the stuff of which tyrants are made, for three years later there was a big riot, and this time at Thessalonica. Though the man was in neither instance resident in the places named, but in Milan—the demonstration was, apparently, against him or through him.

In the second case, as soon as he had information, he proceeded to put in force his punishment for the city. It should be said that an officer and some of his troops had been killed in the riot. He then got together a horde of what have been called "barbarians," though the definition is not very exact, and these were sent to Thessalonica. Invitations were sent out to the inhabitants, inviting them to sports and games at the Circus. They came in great crowds, and when all were gathered enjoying themselves, at a given signal, the soldiers set upon the audience and slew, it is said, 14,000 people.

AT THE ALLIED BASE FOR THE BALKAN CAMPAIGN: SALONIKA—THE ARCH OF ALEXANDER.

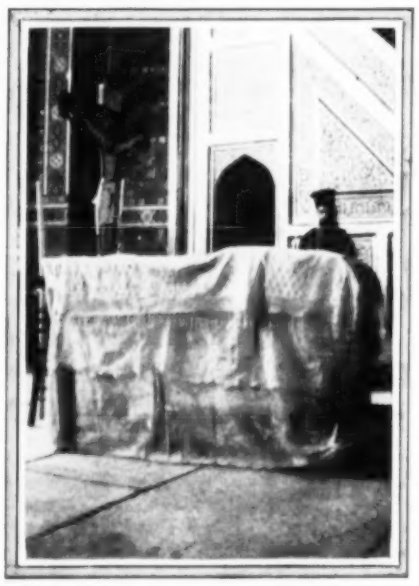
WHERE KING CONSTANTINE'S FATHER WAS ASSASSINATED IN SALONIKA: THE MONUMENT TO KING GEORGE DECORATED.

It cannot be said that the city paid cheaply for its misdeed, if misdeed it were. But Theodosius was a strongly religious man, and a fierce opponent and prosecutor of all who differed from him. His conduct had, however, received the reprobation of Bishop St. Ambrose of Milan, who met him at the door of the church there, prevented his entry until he had confessed his error, and compelled him publicly to admit his infamy—before the people. Even then he was prevented from being restored to the communion of the Church.

And though Salonika has not in these later days seen a wholesale murdering of helpless people after the manner set by this tyrant, yet it was only two years ago that the Bulgars in the region adjacent to Salonika slaughtered men, women, and children, and literally burnt out many towns and reduced them to ashes and desolation. And that these people did not succeed in Salonika was due to the fact that Greece captured the place in the first Balkan War, treating everyone of the very mixed population with the greatest consideration and friendliness. That the Greek Army did secure the city has been, of course, the sorest memory of the war so far as Bulgaria is concerned—mainly, perhaps, with the governing party and military and not the people.

Salonika is a beautiful city in many respects, and is what it is, not because of its many vicissitudes, but in spite of them. It has frequently suffered devastation, and it is to be hoped that this experience may not now be in store for it. It was captured in 904 by the Saracens, and after passing through much trial came into the possession of the Turks five hundred years or so later. They held the land for another five hundred years, and it has been a rule of slavery and tyranny all the time.

And yet it would appear that a worse tyranny is welcome to the ruler of the land—for as a German appanage it would find that the rule of Turkey was comparatively mild. The population was for many centuries, and is now, of a very mixed character—Greeks, Mohammedans, Bulgars, Roumanians, Serbians, and Jews (the latter very largely descendants of Spanish Jews driven out of Spain long ago), with a strong ethnological Greek flavour.



FORMERLY USED AS A MOSQUE BY THE TURKS: IN ST. SOPHIA, SALONIKA—AN ALTAR, A GREEK PRIEST, AND (BEHIND) A TURKISH PULPIT.

There are many relics of the glories and long history of former days. There are remains of Greek, Roman, and Byzantine antiquities. A specially fine example of Greek work is the Arch of Alexander the Great, the carving at the base of which is well preserved and of beautiful character. The church of St. Sophia, which the Turks have had no compunction in using as a mosque, is an interesting and fine building. Its interior walls, Greek in decoration, were ruthlessly covered by Mohammedan ornament, but that is a small matter to the Turk. There was a big fire in the city in 1890, and this has led to the modernisation and improvement of the business quarter.

The Turk in Salonika has to a considerable extent found it expedient to adopt the methods of the Christian, so tram-lines and the electric light are in service—the former passing by the Arch of Alexander the Great, the monument to King George, and the Church of St. Sophia. The paving of some of the streets still partakes of the character of those of ancient days—a cobble-stone road being that prevailing in many instances. The monument to the assassinated King stands exactly on the spot where he fell, outside a very homely café, now not used for that purpose.

Viewed from a height, the city is certainly most interesting in appearance, being well sprinkled with trees and gardens in the best portions of it. Naturally in a place so long held by the Turks, it may be inferred that domes and minarets are numerous, and give the city an unusual appearance to the Western eye.

From the sea the charm is of a different character, but it is a place pleasant to look on, and its wharves show that the methods of the West in bringing railways to the shore are fully esteemed. The White Tower is a striking building of considerable interest, but is no longer used for the purposes of a prison, as under Turkish rule.

Probably, by and by, friends at home will begin to know what Thomas Atkins thinks of a city beside which some of those in Britain are but very young indeed. His appreciation of picturesque antiquity should be interesting.

ON THE REFUGEE TRAIL: FLEEING FROM THE ENEMY IN SERBIA.

THE SERBIAN RETREAT: SOLDIERS AND REFUGEES ON THE ROAD BETWEEN KRALIEVO AND RASHKA.

In a country like Serbia, even the horrors of a national exodus along rough roads deep with mud has its picturesque side, when seen through the medium of illustration. On the spot, this aspect of the scene would doubtless escape attention. A vivid account of the miseries of the journey westward towards Montenegro was given recently, in the "Times," by a member of Dr. Berry's hospital unit at Vrntze, who, with his wife, took charge of a British party of men who, being neither doctors nor nurses, might be in danger if they were captured. After many hardships, the party reached Medua and crossed to Brindisi. The first stage, to Kralievo, was done by train. "Kralievo," the writer continues, "was in fearful confusion; the continual traffic had churned the roads into mud like pea-soup and eighteen inches deep in places. . . . Sir Ralph Paget at last procured us ten springless country carts. We were a party of thirteen, and six others were to accompany us as far as Rashka. . . . We groaned out of Kralievo; our light carts were too heavily laden, and only downhill could we exceed a walking pace. . . . The whole road was a living snake with heads for scales; it coiled across the plain, zigzagged up the mountains, and writhed down again into the valley. It was a strange sight that valley, with the slow muddy river flowing down and the human stream flowing up."

WITH BOTH SIDES IN STRICKEN SERBIA: MUD AND FLOOD

DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED BY THE ENEMY'S TRANSPORT IN SERBIA: A MOTOR-CAR IN TROUBLE ON A ROAD IN DEEP MUD.

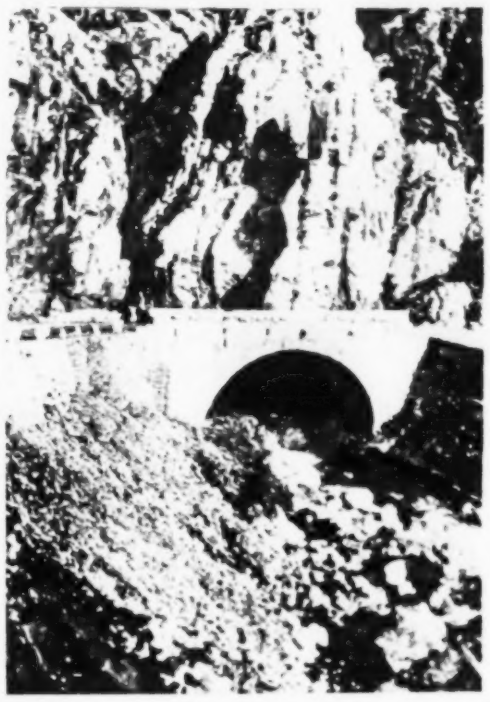
AT THE BRITISH HOSPITAL IN VRNTZE, BEFORE THE WITHDRAWAL TO MONTENEGRO: AUSTRIAN PRISONERS.

A TYPICAL SCENE ON SERBIAN ROADS IN BAD WEATHER: A MOTOR HELD UP BY FLOODS.

ASSEMBLED, PERHAPS, WITH A VIEW TO BEING TRAINED AS FIGHTERS FOR THEIR

These photographs make it possible to form an idea of the difficulties encountered by both sides in Serbia, and the wretched plight of the refugees, owing to bad weather and roads seething with mud or standing a foot or two deep in water. With regard to the British hospital at Vrntze, shown in the second photograph from the left at the top, an interesting account of the journey thence was given recently (in the "Times") by a member of Dr. Berry's hospital unit at that place. "The English missions at Vrntze," he writes, "received notice from the Serbian authorities to prepare, in case a general retreat should become necessary. We packed as much as we thought the hospital would need and then waited. . . . Suddenly Sir Ralph Paget, fugitive members of the Scottish Women, of the farmers and of the wounded Allies, arrived simultaneously. We were told that . . . the Government . . . could give us no transport, and that we must stay and be taken prisoners. . . . Sir Ralph, however, was doubtful of the fate of those men of military age who were neither doctors nor nurses, and suggested that these, if they wished, ought to leave, attempt the risky crossing into Montenegro, and try to make a passage into Italy. . . . A party was formed, and as my wife and I knew the country

ON THE ROADS, REFUGEES, AND TRANSPORT TROUBLES.



ON THE LINE OF RETREAT TO MONTENEGRO: A BRIDGE OVER WHICH THE SERBIANS HAD TO PASS.

WITH OXEN IN PLACE OF HORSES OR MULES: A BAVARIAN TRANSPORT-TRAIN ON ITS WAY TO THE SERBIAN FRONT.

COUNTRY: A MUSTER OF SERBIAN YOUTHS BETWEEN THE AGES OF 14 AND 17.

HOW SERBIAN FARMERS PROTECT THEIR HAY FROM FLOODS: A STACK HALF-WAY UP A TREE.

and spoke Serbian we were put in charge." Describing the journey after leaving Kralievo, the first halting-place, the writer continues: "We groaned out of Kralievo; our light carts were too heavily laden, and only downhill could we exceed a walking pace. We plunged into a regiment of boys, children rather, from 14 to 17 years of age—hundreds. They looked white and tired. As we were moving through them one came alongside my wagon. He said he had had no bread to eat for three days. . . . Floating logs disturbed the even current of the river; motor-cars, lurching frantically in the deep mud, ploughed through the human flood. There were bullock carts, too, but they were slow. . . . We re-started before dawn, as our horses were catching cold. We passed hordes of Austrian prisoners, more crowds of poor boys, about 3000 altogether. . . . In three days we reached Rashka. . . . We reached Tutin quite exhausted—the horses could not have moved a step further. We had by now become hopeless brigands, and all along the road from Kralievo had been forced to loot the haystacks to get fodder at all. Only once did the owner object, and our corporal said: 'We are the State. This is war; it is of no value for you to preach.'" Eventually the party arrived in Montenegro, and crossed to Brindisi.

THE 10TH (IRISH) DIVISION'S GALLANT FIGHT: LAKE DOIRAN.

"THE 10TH DIVISION SUCCEEDED . . . IN RETIRING TO A STRONG POSITION FROM LAKE DOIRAN WESTWARDS TOWARDS THE VALLEY OF THE VARDAR": LAKE DOIRAN, WHERE THE FRONTIERS OF SERBIA, GREECE, AND BULGARIA MEET.

NEAR THE SCENE OF A VERY GALLANT ACTION FOUGHT AGAINST THE BULGARIANS BY THE 10TH (IRISH) DIVISION: LAKE DOIRAN, EIGHTEEN MILES SOUTH OF STRUMNITZA.

Lake Doiran lies in the heart of mountainous country, at an altitude of 6500 feet, where the frontiers of Serbia, Greece, and Bulgaria meet, some eighteen miles almost due South of Strumnitza, and ten miles east of the Vardar valley. It is an almost circular expanse of water five miles across each way. On its shores are villages of Macedonian peasant fisher-folk. The small town of Doiran stands on the southern edge of the lake. Lake Doiran was full in the path of General Mahon's Division as it fell back from the Strumnitza position, which it had held in conjunction with the French. A branch line from the Salonika-Uskub-Belgrade railway to Constantinople passes close to the town of Doiran. Severe fighting took place north of the lake, where the British 10th (Irish) Division are stated to have beaten back a greatly superior Bulgarian force with a loss to the enemy of 8000 men. It was reported on the 13th that Greek troops had withdrawn from the zone between Salonika and Doiran, leaving it free for the Allies' operations.

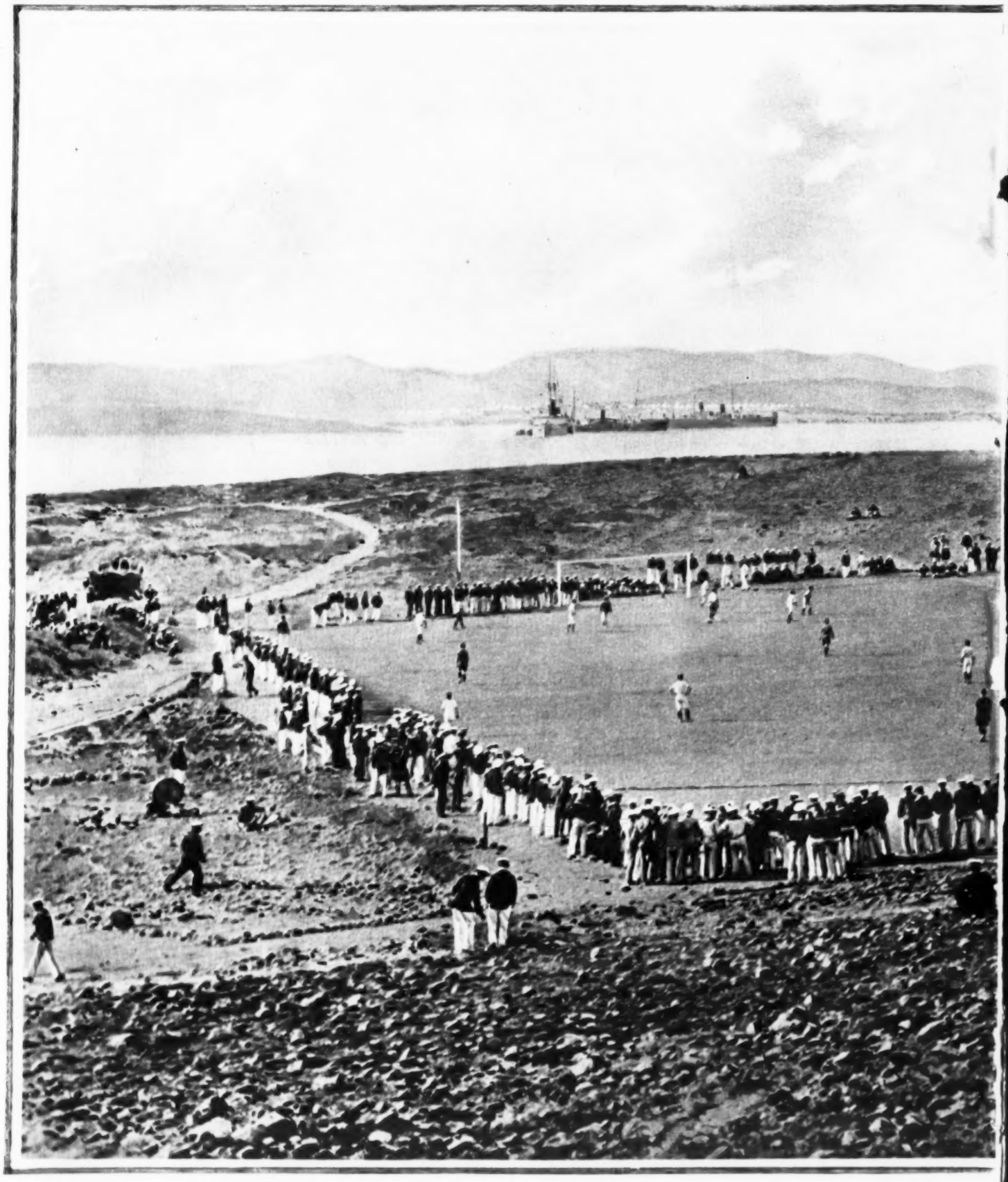
FIGHTING ON THE WORLD'S ROOF: TRENCHES ON A MOUNTAIN.

THE ITALIAN FRONT AMIDST THE ALPINE HEIGHTS OF THE TRENTINO: REINFORCEMENTS MAKING FOR THE FIRING-LINE ALONG A COMMUNICATION-TRENCH ACROSS A SNOW-COVERED PLATEAU.

Winter set in unusually early on the uplands of the Trentino Alpine districts and all along the Austrian Tyrol border. For some weeks past heavy falls of snow and icy winds have made the lot of the combatants on both sides trying in the extreme. The severity of the weather and the high altitudes at which the campaign has to be conducted would appear, however, from the telegrams to be making little difference to the continuous advance of the tough-fibred and sturdy Italian troops. The remarkable capacity for standing cold evinced by King Victor's soldiers of all arms—apart from the acclimatised Alpini, trained in war mountaineering—has come as a surprise to people who had not realised the reserve of physical endurance that his temperate, frugal ordinary life gives to the Italian peasant-conscript. It has, indeed, always been so, from the time of Caesar's legionaries in Gaul onwards. A hundred years ago—again to the surprise of everybody at that day—during Napoleon's disastrous Moscow retreat, his numerous Italian regiments came through the bitter three months' exposure with comparatively small losses, while the Northerners perished wholesale.

"AFTER A THREE WEEKS' STRETCH OF STRAFING THE TURKS":

PHOTOGRAPH

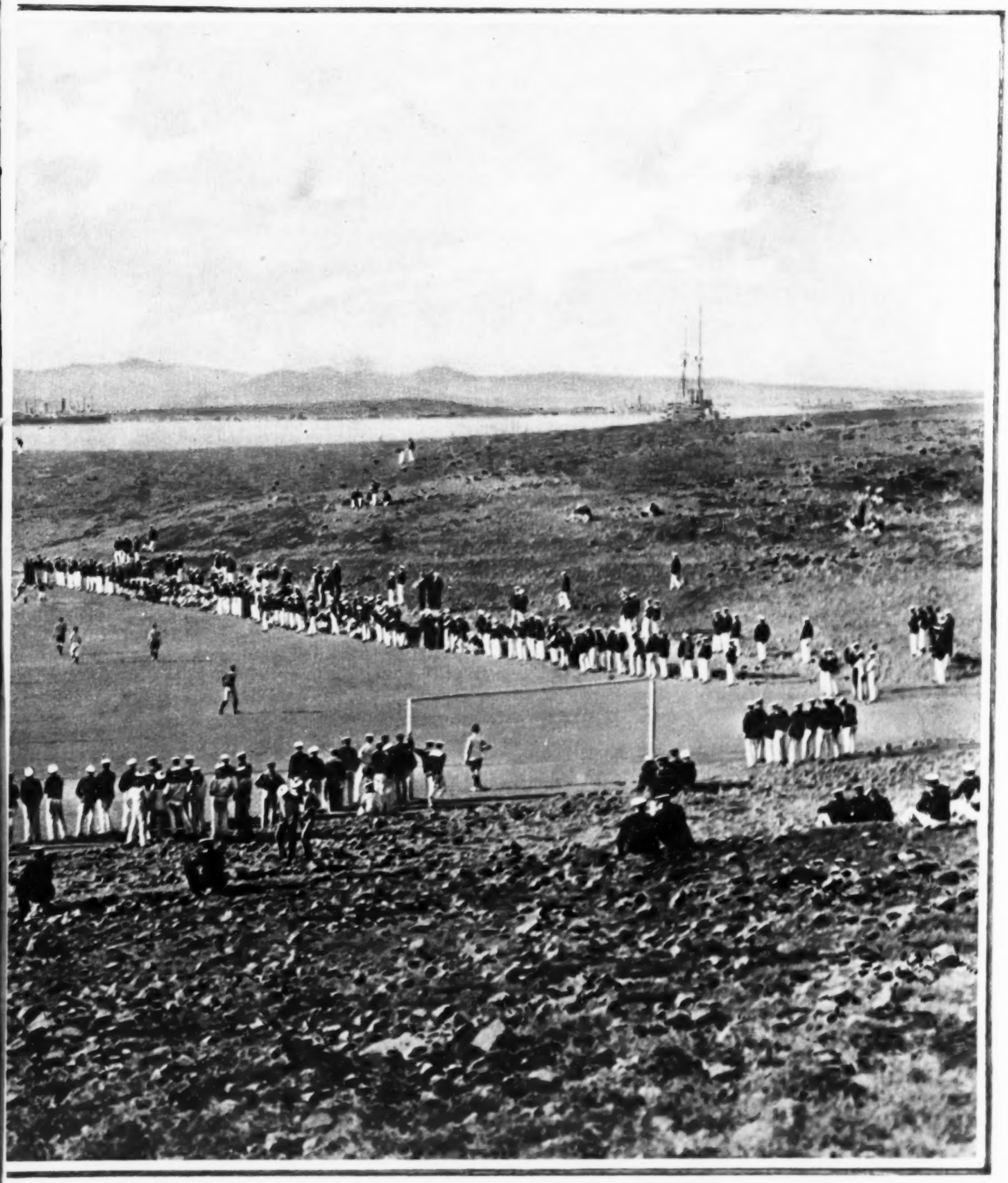


FOOTBALL AT THE DARDANELLES: A KEEN GAME OF "SOCCER" UNDER

"If you *must* see a football match, come to the Dardanelles. Admission Free! The men at the Dardanelles base are very keen on the game of 'Soccer,' and the exercise is of great benefit after a three-weeks' stretch of 'strafing the Turks.'" So writes the sender of the above photograph, which shows a match in progress in surely as strange a setting for a football field as there well might be, with the hills of hostile land in the background and, in the middle distance, a stretch of sea on which are battle-ships and army transports at anchor. In the matter of sport, it is at the Dardanelles as it is wherever British soldiers are gathered together. In Flanders, in rear of the fighting-line—indeed, as has been related, within reach of

BRITAIN'S NATIONAL WINTER GAME AT THE DARDANELLES.

BY S. AND G.



THE PROTECTION OF BRITISH GUNS AND IN SIGHT OF HOSTILE LAND.

long-range German shells on occasion—football is played whenever a chance offers. One day, early this year, as may be remembered, a German Taube while on reconnoitring duty passed high up over a place where a number of our men were having a friendly kick-about game, and reported, as it was stated in the German papers at the time, that a violent quarrel, in which the soldiers came to blows, had broken out in one of the camps of the Allies, and that the *mêlée* had been witnessed by one of the German aviators! Cricket also has been played at several places at the front, but more rarely; and in Mesopotamia, in intervals off duty, some of our officers have found opportunities of an evening for an occasional game of polo of a more or less rough-and-ready sort.

SURPRISE SHIPS OF THE BRITISH NAVY: MONITORS WHICH HA

HARD-HITTERS: THE "HUMBER" PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE DECK OF THE "SEVERN." W

It is just over fourteen months since the now famous monitors, the "Severn," "Mersey," and "Humber," surprised the world by making their dramatic début at sea. The occasion was their sudden appearance at the first bombardment of Zeebrugge, where their shallow draught enabled them to close in on the enemy's batteries, which their heavy armament enabled them to deal with effectively. At the same time, their handiness enabled them to foil the attacks of the German submarines. Since then they have rendered good service at the Dardanelles, while two, the "Severn" and "Mersey," are officially recorded to have destroyed the German cruiser "Koenigsberg"—a

HAVE MADE THEMSELVES WORLD-FAMOUS DURING THE WAR.

WHICH, WITH THE "MERSEY," DESTROYED THE GERMAN "KOENIGSBERG" IN HER LAIR.

ship powerful enough to have sunk both, had she met them at sea—up the Rufiji River in East Africa. It was a notable exploit, for the firing had to be managed at long range over the tree-tops of an intervening belt of dense, tropical jungle, with two aeroplanes, both of which had to come down disabled during the engagement, as "spotters" and range-finders. The three vessels were under construction at Barrow as river war-ships for Brazil when the war broke out, whereupon they were taken over by the Admiralty. The "Severn's" deck is seen awash; with the "Humber" end-on in the background of the picture.

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY

THE BUILDING OF ST SOPHIA AT THE BIDDING OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR JUSTINIAN: AN ARCHITECT AT WORK.

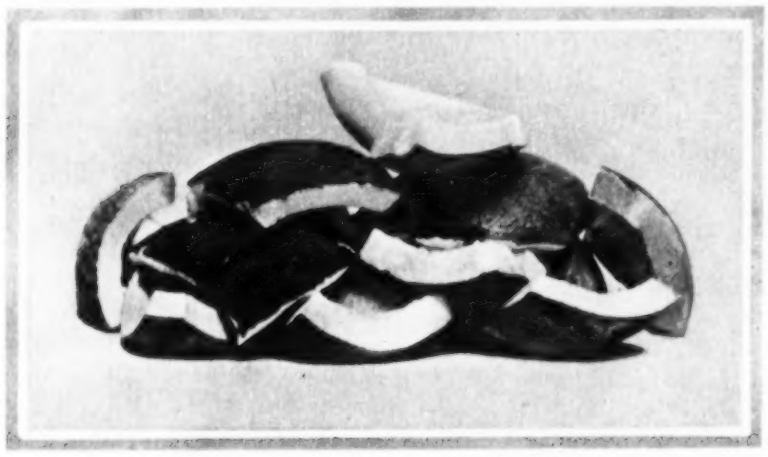
THE SETTING-UP OF THE FAMOUS METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE GREEKS AT CONSTANTINOPLE: JUSTINIAN INSPECTING A PLAN SHOWN TO HIM BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHEMIUS OF TRALLES & ISIDORE OF MILETUS.

BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS IN 1453, & THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE: ST SOPHIA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE WAR FOOD OF GERMAN SWINE.

FROM time to time one hears much about the achievements of the German chemists, who have put their services at the disposal of the Kaiser with such effect that they have begun, in the words of an American contemporary, to compete with Nature. The English blockade—which according to some of us is by no means so perfect as our rulers might make it—is, on German showing, doomed to failure, because the natural products of which it would deprive Germany can all be replaced by artificial ones manufactured in the laboratory by the skill and inventiveness of her scientific sons. Thus we have been told that German chemists are in possession of a gas for the inflation of Zeppelins and other balloons which is lighter than hydrogen and at the same time uninflammable, that a certain sort of paper can replace jute, that artificial or synthetic leather and rubber are as good as natural for motor tyres, wood pulp as effective as cotton for high explosives, and so on. Some of these wonderful discoveries are, the same contemporary tells us, vouched for by the United States consular reports; but we are not told which, and none of them have as yet made their appearance on active service. The case is different with the artificial production of food, which seems now in the way to take visible shape.



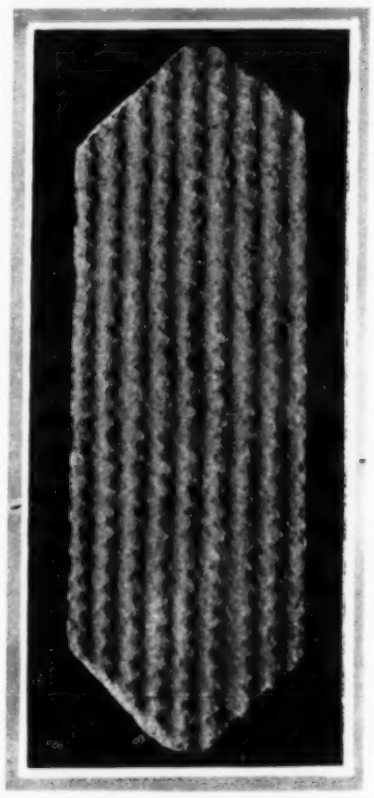
A NON-CONTRABAND FOOD PRODUCT IN GREAT DEMAND IN GERMANY: THE DRIED WHITE FLESH OF THE COCONUT COMMERCIALLY KNOWN AS COPRA.

By Courtesy of the St. Catherine Press.

According to the *Chemiker Zeitung*, a serious journal enough, the *rationale* of the process is this. The organic material employed is sugar, which is somewhat contemptuously spoken of as stuff that might otherwise go to waste. The output of beet-sugar in Germany in time of peace was large, and no doubt there are large stocks in hand; but one doubts whether they are quite so huge as this term would imply. Nevertheless, it is not disputed that in the presence of certain salts, and also of nitrogen in one form or another, sugar will undergo a change which leads to the production of other substances—such as, for instance, alcohol—and the change is set going by micro-organisms or bacteria such as those which bring about the existence of wine and beer. This is in effect what happens in the case of fermentation in the popular sense of the word. A solution of sugar coupled with the mineral salts and the nitrogen to be found in the juices of the grape or of malted barley, ferments in the presence of the micro-organisms in the yeast or other ferment employed, and the result is the formation of alcohol. But the Germans have now discovered that these natural juices may be replaced by sulphate of ammonia (into the composition of which nitrogen, of course, enters), and that in this case the ferment or yeast itself develops so rapidly as to produce a considerable quantity of proteid, which is one of the most important constituents of the food of man and other beasts.

Nor is this all. Dr. Lindner says that he has had sent him by a former pupil now serving in the trenches an entirely new bacterium or other micro-organism which has the faculty of increasing sixfold the amount of fat to be found in all yeasts. Hence the fats which form the second important element in food can be obtained from the same source as the proteid; while the carbohydrates which form the third are present already in the sugar before conversion, and the small amount of mineral salts and water required to make up a perfect dietary can, of course, be added *ad lib.* Dazzled, apparently, by this prospect of a chemical food from existing supplies of what is in a double sense a drug in the market, the Prussian Government has, we are told, seized the patent and the machinery required, and is arranging for the erection of half-a-dozen factories capable of turning out this wonder-working ferment by 10,000 tons at a time. In the meantime, the yeast in a compressed form is being fed to pigs, and their flesh is said to be just the one thing required to make up for the scarcity of other meat.

To all this it may be said that, from the scientific point of view, there is nothing incredible in the story. Instead of keeping the temperature of his fermentine mash as low as possible—as a brewer would do—Dr. Lindner raises it to an average of 80 deg. F. So, instead of excluding the air, he pumps air through it at high pressure. By these means, he says he not only prevents the formation of alcohol, but completes the fermentation in the space of six hours. But this necessitates very large vats and a great supply of power for the compression of the air. Hence it is only as a *pis aller* and because the food is wanted in a tremendous hurry that the process can be considered as a profitable one. Moreover, as our Transatlantic contemporary shrewdly remarks, sugar is no bad food for pigs in its unconverted state, so why not give it to them direct? As for trying the new yeast on man, it might turn out a very risky experiment. The conversion of sugar is a tricky matter, and ferments in their chemical composition and physiological properties are not very far removed from toxins.—F. L.



USED TO FEED GERMANY'S PIGS AND OTHER ANIMALS: A PIECE OF COCONUT CATTLE-FOOD CAKE MADE FROM COPRA.

THE FOOD PRODUCT WHICH, IF NOT PREVENTED FROM REACHING GERMANY, MAY PROLONG THE WAR: NATIVES HUSKING COCONUTS FOR THE PREPARATION OF COPRA BY PRESSING THEM ON THE KNIVES.

Copra is the dried flesh of the coconut, and as a food product has increased enormously in use and value. It contains about 70 per cent. of oil, and is used largely in making margarine and lard—fats for which Germany pays high prices. Copra from which the oil has been extracted is a valuable cattle food, especially for pigs. Copra also contains glycerine, an ingredient for explosives. Copra has not been made contraband, and it is said that vast quantities are being imported by Holland, which has the right, in the case of non-contraband goods, to pass them on to Germany.

Photograph and Materials by Courtesy of Mr. E. Jerome Dyer and Mr. H. V. Holden.

NOT MADE CONTRABAND, THOUGH OF VALUE TO GERMANY: COPRA.

Photographs by Courtesy of Mr. E. Jerome Dyer.

COPRA, which is the dried "flesh" of the coconut, is a valuable food product, both for human beings and animals. It contains from 60 to 75 per cent. of coconut oil, and after this has been squeezed out of it the residue forms excellent provender for cattle, especially pigs, which thrive greatly upon it. The oil of the coconut is largely used in the production of lard,

[Continued opposite.

THE GENESIS OF COPRA: MEN HUSKING COCONUTS IN THE KAKAP DISTRICT, NEAR PONTIANAK, IN WEST BORNEO.

Continued.]

margarine, and other fats, and in the making of chocolate cream. In its pure state it is used as salad oil. There is also in copra a certain amount of glycerine, which is an ingredient in the manufacture of explosives. Copra is obtained by drying broken coconuts in the sun or by a smoke-drying process, thus causing the white "flesh" to break away from the shell.

THE RAW MATERIAL FROM WHICH GERMANY OBTAINS MUCH SUSTENANCE FOR HER POPULATION, AND HER PIGS: TOWING A STRING OF COCONUTS FOR COPRA ALONG THE PARET (CANAL) TO THE DRYING-HOUSE AT KAKAP.

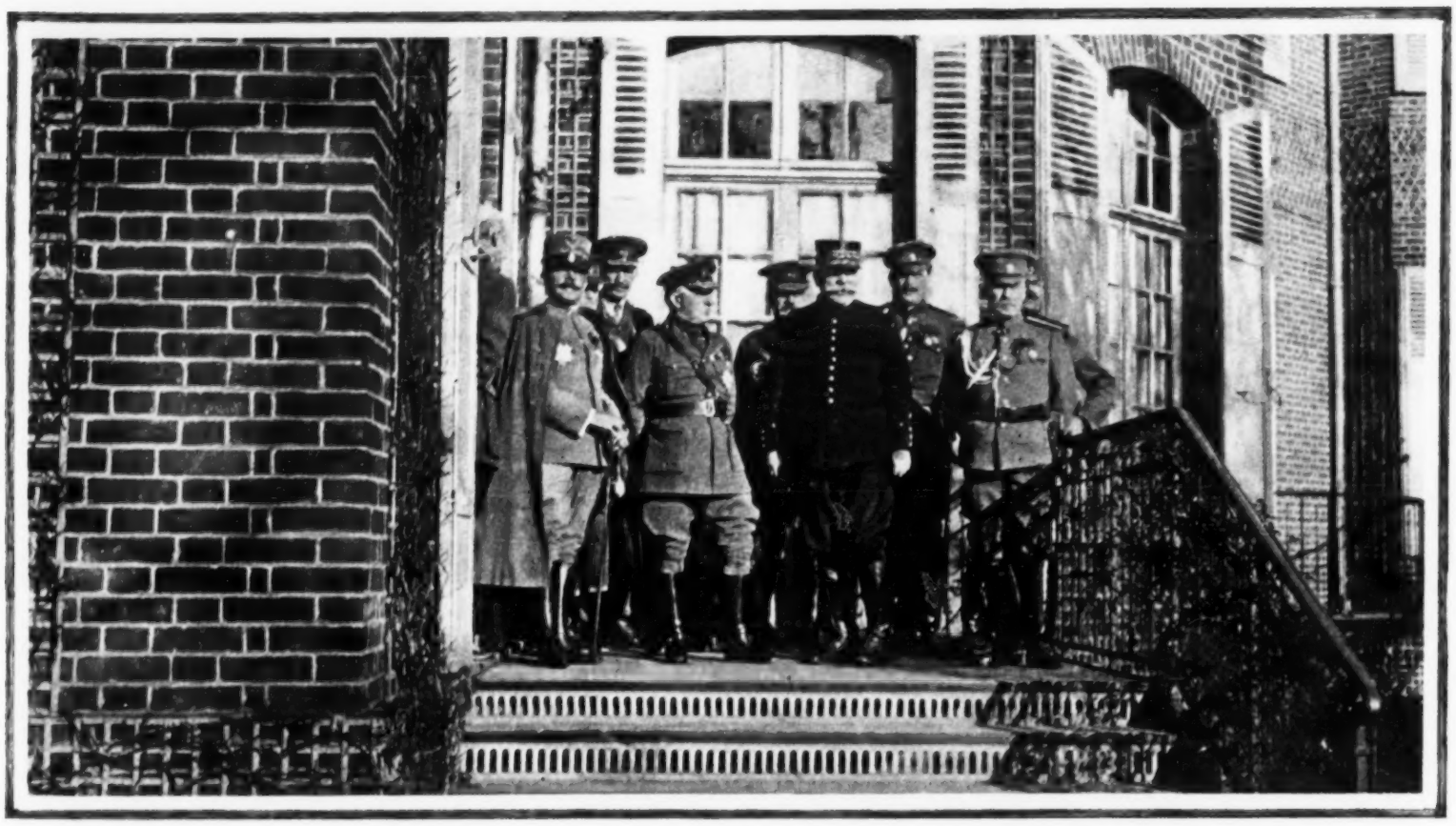
WHERE COPRA IS PREPARED BY SMOKE-DRYING: COCONUTS AT KAKAP, WITH A FIRE BURNING HUSKS.

ON THE WAY TO THE DRYING HOUSE AT KAKAP: A RAFT OF COCONUTS, FOR THE PREPARATION OF COPRA, BEING TOWED ALONG THE CANAL.

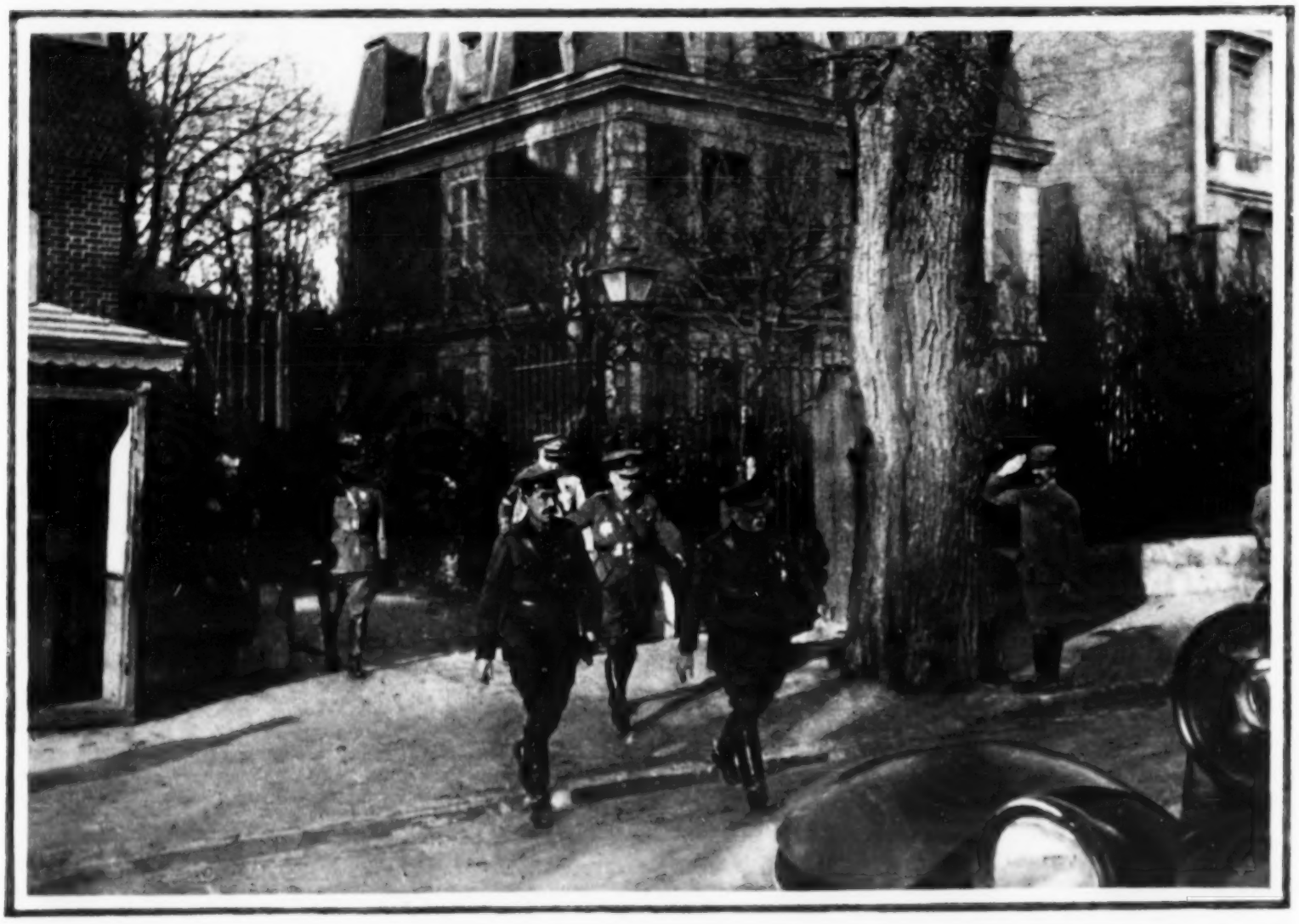
NATIVE LABOUR UNDER BRITISH SUPERVISION: MR. ROBERTS, OF KAKAP, WATCHING A COCONUT-RAFT BEING TOWED.

The fact that copra has not been made contraband by the Government has caused much adverse comment, for it is contended that, if Germany can obtain plentiful supplies of this important food product, which also contains material for making explosives, it will help her considerably to prolong the war. It is said that one cargo of copra, shipped from London, was sold in Hamburg (a great centre of the copra trade) two months after the war began, by permission of the Board of Trade; also that vast quantities of copra are still going into Holland, and that much of it probably finds its way into Germany. If copra were placed on the contraband list, it is urged, its re-exportation to Germany would automatically cease. The value and use of copra have increased enormously. Twenty years ago the price was only £8 a ton; by 1912 it had risen to over £30. In 1896 the amount of copra imported into Europe was only 101,000 tons; by 1911 the quantity was 900,000. It has been stated that one company, the Oriental Plantations Investment Trust (with a capital of £5,250,000) has contracts with the Netherlands Trading Company which uses copra for the production of margarine, for the supply of coconuts up to a maximum of 400,000,000 per annum. In the recent debate in the Reichstag it was stated that there were 20,000,000 pigs in Germany, and pigs thrive on copra.

CO-ORDINATING ALLIED STRATEGY: THE GRAND COUNCIL OF WAR.



FRANCE, BRITAIN, RUSSIA, ITALY, AND BELGIUM REPRESENTED AT THE WAR COUNCIL AT THE FRENCH GREAT GENERAL HEADQUARTERS: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, IN FRONT) GENERAL PORRO, SIR JOHN FRENCH, GENERAL JOFFRE, AND GENERAL JILINSKY.



SIR JOHN FRENCH IN PARIS: THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE LEAVING THE MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, WHERE A LUNCHEON WAS GIVEN TO THE MEMBERS OF THE WAR COUNCIL.

The War Council of the Allies was instituted to co-ordinate the plans of operations on the various fronts, and thus bring about unity of aim and avoid spasmodic and isolated action. "The situation of the Allies in relation to the Balkans," wrote Mr. J. L. Garvin recently, "has been the prime concern of all their deliberations. . . . The great Military Council of the Allies in Paris has resumed its conferences day after day. General Joffre has, of course, held the presidency. With him have been Sir John French and Sir Archibald Murray, the Chief of our Imperial General Staff, General Jilinsky for Russia, General Porro for Italy." Belgium was represented by General Wiellemans; Serbia, by Colonel Stefanovitch. The military council was preceded by a Franco-British conference on December 4 at Calais, attended, on behalf of Great Britain, by Lord Kitchener, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Balfour. The War Council began on the 6th at the French General Headquarters, and was continued there on the following morning. That day the members went to Paris for a luncheon in their honour at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The War Council resumed on the 8th.

BY THE SIDE OF THE GENERAL-IN-CHIEF: A GREAT FRENCH LEADER.

Photograph by Pet.

CHIEF OF STAFF TO GENERAL JOFFRE, WHO NOW DIRECTS THE FRENCH ARMIES AT ALL THE FRONTS: GENERAL CASTELNAU.

An official announcement from Paris, dated December 11, said: "It has always been admitted that forces acting in the same theatre of operations should be united under a single command, but the experience of the present war proves that this unity of direction is necessary even when the forces are distributed on several fronts. . . . It was this necessity which led to the Decrees of December 1915, by which General Joffre, while retaining the direct command of the East and North-East, had entrusted to him the superior direction of our armies on all the fronts. In virtue of the Decree of October 1913, which provides for a Chief-of-Staff by the side of the General-in-Chief, General Joffre has designated for this post General Castelnau, who retains his rank as Commander of a group of armies." At the beginning of the war, General Castelnau commanded in Lorraine; more recently, he has commanded the group of armies in the centre of the French line, proving his worth particularly in the great battle of Champagne. Three of his sons have been killed during the war. He was born in 1851, and was a sous-lieutenant in the war of 1870.

A "DERBY" NIGHT! THE GREAT RUSH OF RECRUITS WHICH

Drawn by our Special

WAITING THEIR TURN TO ENLIST UNDER THE GROUP SYSTEM: ONE OF THE HUNDREDS DURING THE LAST WEEK OF

It was an enemy philosopher, referring to our countrymen, who said: "Is it their derivation, or their soil, or their free constitution, or national education—who can tell?—but it is a fact that . . . there is in them nothing turned and twisted, and no half measures." If we needed confirmation of this, we might find it in the remarkable response to Lord Derby's "Group" recruiting scheme for the Army. From the first, the appeal was answered without hesitation, but the effort was so determined, and the field of such vast dimensions, that it was physically impossible to cover the ground within the time-limit at first assigned, especially in view of the great day-and-night rush of the last few days. Recruiting officers worked day and night, but could not cope with thousands of men eager to attest. For that reason it became necessary for the Press Bureau to issue, on Saturday, December 11, a special *communiqué*:

KEPT RECRUITING OFFICES OPEN UNTIL PAST MIDNIGHT.

Artist, S. Begg.

OF LONG QUEUES OF MEN EAGER TO BE ATTESTED—A SCENE IN LONDON BY NIGHT LORD DERBY'S SCHEME.

"During the past week every possible effort has been made to cope with the numbers of eligible men presenting themselves for attestation. Scores of extra recruiting offices have been opened throughout the country. Many recruiting officers have been drafted to assist. Hundreds of workers have been engaged for the clerical work, which has been reduced to the minimum to save time. Recruiting officers have also been instructed to make a list of men who apply for attestation under the Group System to-day or to-morrow (Sunday), but whom it is found impossible to attest before midnight to-morrow, December 12." Our illustration of a "Derby" night in London shows the wisdom of prolonging the recruiting time, and also the determination to have no "half measures" shown by the crowds of men of all ages and conditions of life eager to play their part in the Great War.—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

NOT IN AMERICA! THE FAMOUS "SMILE OF RHEIMS" DISCOVERED.

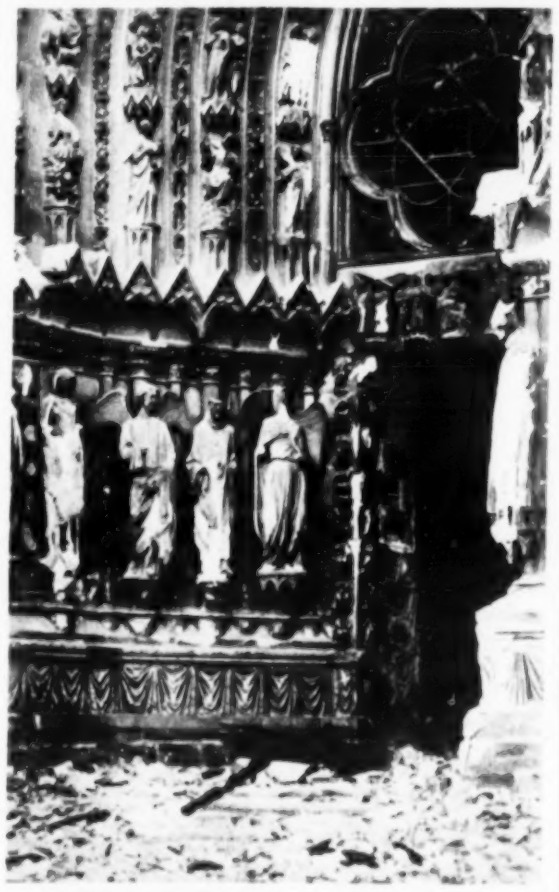
Photographs by M. P. Antony-Thouret and Doucet

"THE SMILE OF RHEIMS."

THE FULL-LENGTH CAST IN THE TROCADÉRO: A REPLICA OF THE FAMOUS "SMILE OF RHEIMS."

"THE SMILE OF RHEIMS."

THE "SMILE OF RHEIMS" BEFORE IT WAS DAMAGED BY GERMAN BOMBARDMENT



AFTER BOMBARDMENT AND FIRE: THE HEADLESS AND MUTILATED "SOURIRE DE REIMS" AT RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.

THE "SMILE OF RHEIMS" AFTER IT WAS DAMAGED BY GERMAN BOMBARDMENT.

It was stated the other day that a well-known American had purchased the famous "Sourire de Reims." Colour was lent to the story by the fact that the smiling head in question had been knocked from its place on the shoulders of the Angel of the Cortège de Saint Nicaise of Rheims Cathedral. The statement caused inquiries to be made by the French Minister of Fine Arts. The result is reported as follows: The statue called "the Smile of Rheims" is, or, rather, was, an ornament of the north door of the Chief Façade of the building. The head was broken off and disappeared, and the statue itself was otherwise damaged between September 19 and 30 of last year. The head has now been found in the cellar of the wrecked Archiepiscopal Palace. Naturally enough, there was great rejoicing at this; for anything in the way of theft and destruction might have happened during the period of bombardment and fire already mentioned. When discovered, the head was in four pieces; but it will be easy to reconstruct it. When the question of restoring the sculptured decoration of the Cathedral comes to be discussed finally, the specialists will have at their disposal for comparison two exact models of the original, one of the complete figure and one of the head, both in the Museum of Sculpture at the Trocadéro. The heads reproduced are from the Trocadéro cast.

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THE MISSIONARY IN MADAGASCAR.

WHILE the professional zoologist regards Madagascar as one of the most interesting islands in the world, to the layman it is almost an unknown land, for it holds no attraction for the sportsman, and contains but little to entice the average traveller. Unfortunately, because of its isolation, it must remain a closed preserve to those who would most appreciate its manifold variety of animal and vegetable life; that is to say, it is practically out of bounds to those who find the chief charm in life in the study of natural history, and especially in its evolutionary aspect. A measure of the wealth of this great island, from the naturalists' point of view, can now, however, be gathered from a volume just published by Mr. Sibree, "A Naturalist in Madagascar" (Seeley and Co.), who gives a *resumé* of fifty years' sojourn in the island. Unfortunately, the volume is spoilt by a ruthless disregard for any kind of method, whereby the author has made of his book a sort of "bran pie," wherefrom things of trivial worth and things of high importance have to be laboriously searched for. In a few casual notes, for example, distributed without order or method among themes quite foreign to the subject, the author discloses burial customs of quite exceptional interest and importance—customs which reveal evidences of the introduction of the ancient Heliolithic culture evolved in ancient Egypt. In regard to the many problems connected with the coloration of animals, he might have achieved some really valuable work. Instead, he cites a few striking cases which he evidently only imperfectly appreciated.

If the traveller in Madagascar has little to fear from dangerous animals, he may at least meet with some unpleasant surprises during his wanderings. One may be stung by the "Agy," for example. This has no relationship with the "Snark," or the "Boojum," but is a creeper which trails innocently from trees. Should it bear ripe fruit it is most studiously to be avoided, for from the pods thereof will descend, on the slightest vibration, showers of stinging darts, which, as they penetrate the face and hands, cause the most intense burning pain. Such punctures resemble the sting of the nettle, but are immensely more virulent. The "Traveller's Tree" affords a pleasing contrast. This is a relative of the banana (*Ravenala madagascariensis*), whose leaves rise from a stout stem to spread out like a giant fan. Each leaf is about ten feet long, and a foot and a half broad. If the base of the leaf be pierced with a spear, or pointed stick, a copious supply of cool, clear water at once gushes out. Such natural fountains, it may well be imagined, are immensely appreciated by the thirsty traveller. No less remarkable is the author's account of insects which drip water. These appear to be the larvæ of a species of beetle. They are found in clusters of about twenty or thirty on the smaller branches of the trees they infest, and so copious is the flow of the sap which they abstract that it sometimes drips down to the ground like a small shower. Some striking instances of protective coloration, furnished by butterflies, moths, and grasshoppers, are given; as well as some no less remarkable cases of structural modification exhibited by spiders, whereby the body assumes a shape utterly unlike that of a living creature. These have long been known to students of Arachnida, but the author's notes thereon are nevertheless most welcome. Some of the spiders he found were also most strikingly coloured; but unfortunately he does not seem to have systematically collected specimens of these. He makes mention in one place of a stridulating earthworm. This was of a species so large that he describes it as more nearly resembling a small snake. It is a pity that he made no effort to determine at least the genus to which this belonged. Only one other earthworm is recorded as producing sounds loud enough to be audible. This is a Tasmanian species attaining a length of six feet. The value of this book is materially increased by its illustrations. Those relating to burial-places are especially valuable. W. P. P.

A PICTURESQUE OLD-WORLD CEREMONY IN HONOUR OF THE LATE EMPEROR OF JAPAN: ON THE WAY TO THE GROUND-BREAKING, TO PURIFY THE EARTH BEFORE SETTING UP A SHRINE.

As we showed the other day when we gave illustrations of the enthronement of the Emperor of Japan, our gallant ally in the Far East still retains old customs and old dress for certain ceremonies. Here is a case in point, a procession in connection with the ceremonial breaking of ground, to purify the earth before setting up a shrine.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

From the London branch—265, Regent Street—of Messrs. G. Ricordi, the famous Italian music-publishers, we have received a selection of new songs. One is a setting of Byron's poem, "When We Two Parted," by J. H. Wood. The others include "Fiddler June" (A. Kingston Stewart), "Merry May" (Christabel Baxendale), "Just You" (H. T. Burleigh), "Until You Went Away" (Henry Coates), "You Will Be Mine" (Alfred Harriss), "My Lady and the Lilac" and "An Autumn Rose" (Francis Gibson), and "Five Songs by Laurence Hope" (H. T. Burleigh). The names in brackets are those of the composers in each case.

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Solid Silver Match Box, Enamelled in Colours, with the Ribbon of any Regiment.
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Boxes inlaid with Badge of any Regiment in four days.

A Catalogue illustrated with useful suggestions for Christmas Presents will be sent post free.

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"BLACK & WHITE" AND "RED SEAL"

"IN AID OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY."

Messrs. Jas. Buchanan & Co. are issuing their Dickens Portfolio, containing thirteen Studies from the Works of the great novelist, Charles Dickens, together with a portrait of Dickens himself, beautifully reproduced in Colours from the Original Paintings by Mr. Frank Reynolds, at **5/-** each, carriage paid. The net proceeds will be handed over to the Red Cross Society. They can be obtained on application at the Firm's Head Office, 26, Holborn, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VERY substantial should be the financial help given to Queen Mary's Convalescent Auxiliary Hospitals in Roehampton by the sale of "The Queen's Gift-Book" published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton at the very inadequate price of half-a-crown. The mere list of literary and artistic contributors should ensure a sale of tens of thousands of copies, to help these brave men who have lost limbs in the service of their country. Mr. Balfour contributes a little essay on "The Pleasures of Reading" which opens with an axiom: "The best method of guarding against the danger of reading what is useless is to read only what is interesting." There is an appealing "Foreword" by John Galsworthy which should open many purses; and Sir J. M. Barrie, Mr. E. F. Benson, Mr. John Buchan, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Joseph Conrad, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Gilbert Parker, and Mrs. Humphry Ward are just a few of the notable contributors; and among the artists represented are William Llewellyn, A.R.A., A. S. Cope, R.A. (whose royal portraits are in colour), W. Heath Robinson, Blampied, Arthur Rackham, W. Hatherell, R.I., C. M. Padday, Dudley Hardy, and Fred Pegram, many of the pictures being in colour. The volume is an ideal gift-book and souvenir of the Great War year.

Among the most deservedly popular of nursery literature are those admirable works, Dean's Rag-Books. This season's set are as indestructible as ever, and, if possible, more than ever attractive. There is one, the touch of whose page suggests garments of soft flannelette. It is called "Beasties and Birdies." One very happy thought of Messrs. Dean was to publish the Lord's Prayer in this form in a new photogravure process. This little book, which only costs sixpence, will give a new turn to a child's imagination in its early thoughts about religion. Another interesting rag-book is "Old English Nursery Rhymes 'Japanned'" by the well-known Japanese artist Yoshio Markino.

Now that, owing to the war, the Continental supplies of Christmas toys for children have been stopped, there is sure to be an increased demand for those old favourites, Tom Smith's crackers and Santa Claus stockings, as well as his table decorations and confectionery. In view of such a demand he has prepared a great variety of novelties, among which the patriotic note is, of course, much in evidence. Tom Smith's goods are all of British make, and the prices vary to suit purses of every calibre. Of the new boxes of crackers for little people in particular may be mentioned such alluring examples as "Khaki Jim," "Fun from Tipperary," "Soldier Boy," and the "Girls' Brigade." For Christmas parties of mixed ages, some boxes likely to find much favour are the "Patriotic," "Red, White, and Blue," "Victory," "Red Cross," "Trophies of War," "British Navy," "Heroes of the Empire," "Water-Plane," "Looping the Loop," "Aerial Post," and "Allied Armies." The Japanese novelties, including the "Fair Japan" Surprise Crackers, will certainly attract many adherents; while the "Indian Empire" box should prove no less attractive. The patriotic streamers and flags, British and Allied, in paper or silk, will doubtless be as popular as they are appropriate for decorative purposes.

THE NEW HEAD-GEAR OF OUR FIGHTING SCOTS—SKETCHED AT THE FRONT
TYPICAL KHAKI BALMORALS—REPLACING GLENGARRIES.

These sketches, made at the front, show men of the Royal Scots and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders wearing the new khaki Balmoral cap, in place of the time-honoured Scottish regimental head-gear, the Glengarry.

In "France at Bay" (Mills and Boon) Mr. Charles Dawbarn, well known as the author of "Makers of New France," gives us not a battle record, but a life-picture of France, so to speak, at home—the peasant, the man in the café, the munitions worker, the Deputy, the people behind the fighting front. Admirably does he depict the heroic endeavour of the whole nation to work and wait until they shall achieve victory. Clearly written and faithful in its accuracy, the book is a distinctly valuable contribution to what may be called the higher literature of the war. Mr. Dawbarn, it may be added, as a resident in Paris, knows his France thoroughly, and can claim without fear of gainsaying to speak with authority. Reading his pages, indeed, without exaggeration, one may imagine oneself living now in France.

In spite of the war, the public demand for music, old and new, remains strong, to judge from the large number of new musical publications issued by Messrs. Novello. To begin with operatic music, we have received concert editions of the score of "Maritana," "The Bohemian Girl," and "The Daughter of the Regiment." Of piano music, we may mention a new edition of Bach's forty-eight Preludes and Fugues, in six books, of which the first is out. Of new piano pieces we have an "Imperial March," by J. D. Davis; "Doll's House Suite" (for children), by Hubert Bath; and various useful books of studies, by Czerny and others, edited by Franklin Taylor. Equally useful is Paganini's "Art of Playing the Violin." For organists there are several good collections—Novello's Albums for the Organ, the Recital series, and Original Compositions for the Organ, including Stainer's "Praeludium Pastorale" and other pieces, issued separately. Among the songs may be mentioned "Since Last We Met," by Gladys Martin; "Villanelle Lullaby," by Mary de Montfitchet; "Dreamland and You," by Basil Graham; "Secret of My Heart" and "Honeysuckle Lane," by Percy E. Fletcher; and "Lightheart Lane," by Percy Bowie. Messrs. Novello have also published a book entitled "The Interpretation of the Music of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," by Arnold Dolmetsch.

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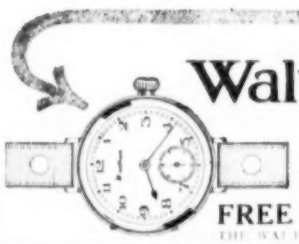

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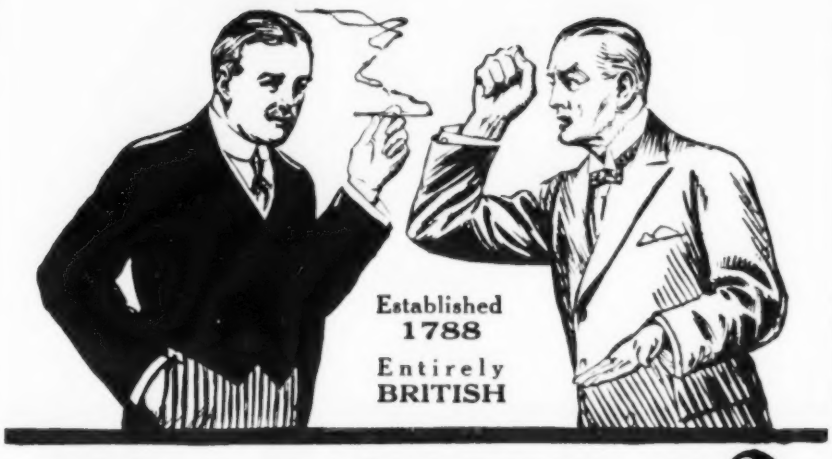

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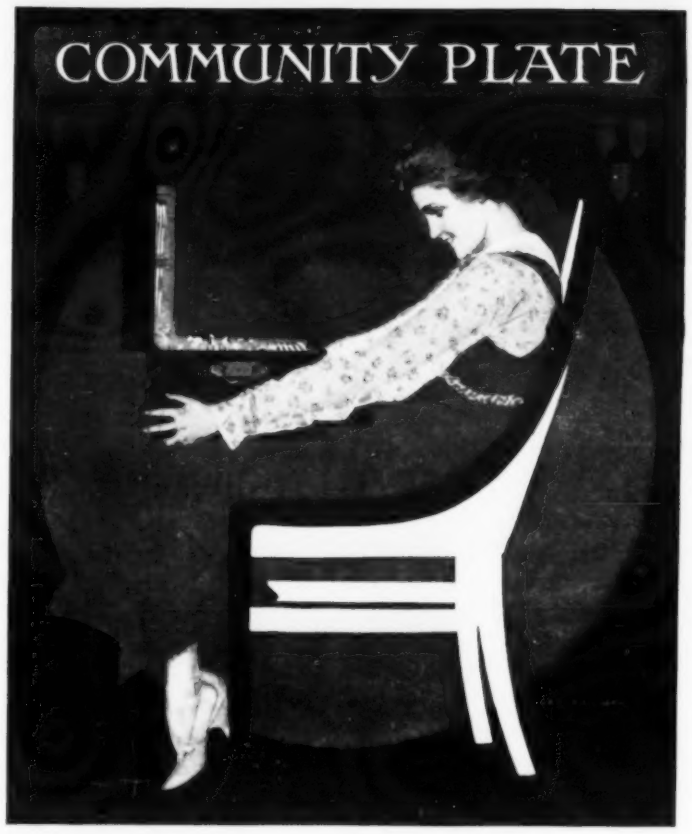

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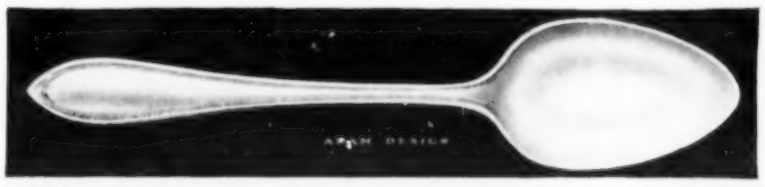

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Christmas in the Shops.

"THIS for remembrance" is the note of Christmas present-giving in this year of many partings, and it finds admirable expression in the beautiful regimental-badge brooches which Messrs. Spink and Son, Ltd., are showing, among a host of beautiful jewel gifts, in their show-rooms at 17 and 18, Piccadilly. Their name is so identified with medals of all periods that it is particularly fitting that they should be making a feature of these military souvenirs. They make in their own factory a beautiful brooch with any regimental device or crest, in 15-carat gold, enamelled in correct colouring, for the moderate price of 45s. each, in a case. Messrs. Spink are, of course, also showing a very large and attractive collection of other jewellery and plate of all kinds.

The New Regimental Badge Brooches.
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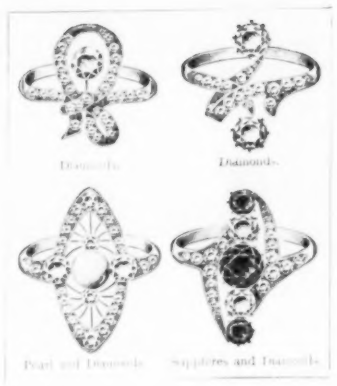
The famous distillers, Messrs. James Buchanan and Co., whose artistic posters relating to their well-known "Red Seal" and "Black-and-White" whiskies are so clever, are issuing this Christmas, at practically a nominal price, a handsome portfolio containing thirteen studies from the works of Charles Dickens, together with a portrait of Dickens himself, beautifully reproduced in colour from original paintings by Mr. Frank Reynolds. The series comprises the following: Jingle, Captain Cuttle, Trotty Veck, Pickwick, Mr. Micawber, Dolly Varden, Cheeryble Brothers, The Artful Dodger, Tony Weller, Samuel Weller, Gabriel Varden, Mr. Winkle on the Ice, Montague Tigg, and a portrait of Charles Dickens. To all lovers of beautiful prints these should make special appeal at Christmastide, for Dickens and Christmas are almost interchangeable terms. The complete set is being offered at five shillings (carriage paid), and can be obtained on application to Messrs. Buchanan's Head Office, 26, Holborn, E.C.; and, be it noted, the net proceeds will be handed over to the Red Cross Society, which is doing such invaluable work for the wounded of the Allied Forces.

The name of the Alexander Clark Company, Ltd., deservedly stands high in the category of first-rate jewellers and silversmiths, and purchasers of Christmas presents will find many tasteful, useful, and artistic things this year at bargain prices at 188, Oxford Street, W. For the Christmas season happens to synchronise with the acquisition of Messrs. Clark's premises by Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., which necessitates the clearance of the fine stock of jewellery, "Welbeck" plate, and leather and fancy goods, all of the newest and smartest styles, at real bargain prices. To mention just one or two items, a diamond and emerald necklace pendant is reduced from £127 10s. to £78, a diamond-and-sapphire ring from £25 to £17 10s., a silver keyless Waltham watch from 42s. to 29s. 6d., a case fitted with six Louis design silver salt-cellars and spoons is reduced from £7 12s. to £4 4s., and there are scores of other equally tempting bargains for those who pay an early visit to 188, Oxford Street in search of useful and beautiful gifts.

No matter how dull the day, there is always a bright spot in the City—the glittering window in which the famous old house of Sir John Bennett, Ltd., at 65, Cheapside displays its glittering groups of beautiful gems: "heaps of pearl, inestimable stones, unvalued jewels." The founder of the house, Sir John Bennett, was famous for his clocks and watches, and the company of to-day is still celebrated for the reliability and excellence of its time-keepers, whether in their daintiest form for ladies, solid gold watches for City magnates, inexpensive kinds for business men, or ornamental clocks for the house. Of jewellery, too, the stock is large and beautiful, notably in diamond and other rings, which are not merely Christmas presents, but, as Mr. Wemmick would have said, "portable property," for Sir John Bennett's always give liberal value. We illustrate just one or two rings, and would advise our readers to send for an illustrated catalogue, in which they will find hundreds of articles, all artistic and moderately priced. The new amethyst, peridot, and aquamarine jewellery is quite inexpensive, and beautiful both in colour and design.



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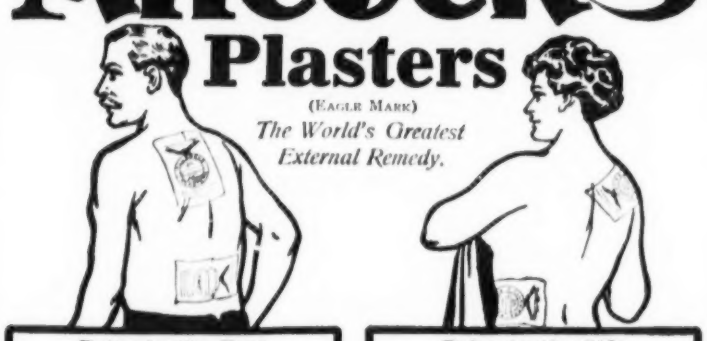

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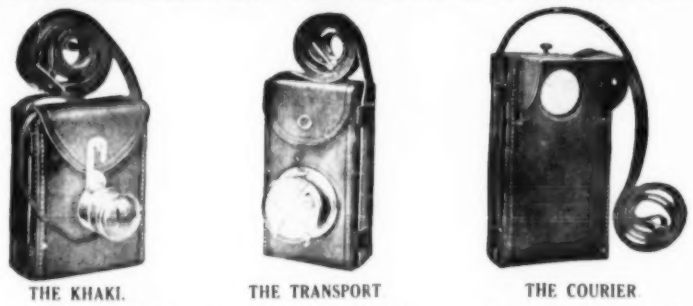

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THE STANDARD 9·5

THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. COVENTRY

LADIES' PAGE.

NOTHING happens socially in town at present except devices to obtain money for charity. In this direction there have been some novel ideas. A great London shop that gave over its counters on one day to amateur saleswomen, aristocratic and stage celebrities, reaped good results; and the idea on a smaller scale may well be imitated in other towns by local "great ladies." The advice to "shop early" that is being placarded in various ways was enforced by this sale in a practical fashion, for some girls who went about five in the afternoon found the saleswomen of fame all gone home; but in the morning they had certainly attended in full force. Each lady was assisted by one of the shop's ordinary saleswomen, and the usual prices were charged, a percentage of the profits being given to the charity, while any purchaser was able to place a voluntary addition to the price in a box provided for the purpose; in this way the accounts of the big business were not disturbed. Another successful and outstanding sale was that of some beautifully reproduced artificial flowers at another of London's great business houses. It was long a tradition that only the Frenchwomen's deft fingers could produce the finest imitation blossoms but this sale quite disproved the theory that English hands are not equally clever, if trained. The growing orange-trees in pots were marvellous. Another device for coaxing money for charity out of pockets that many appeals and vast increases in taxation have too sadly depleted was a Serbian tea, given (at a price) by ladies dressed in native costume at a famous West-End restaurant. All these ideas can be copied elsewhere.

Many of the older and more ordinary charities are suffering, and find it difficult to keep up their income to the point of their necessary spending. For instance, there are few of the charities of civil life more beneficent than the "Queen Victoria Jubilee Nurses," founded by the revered Queen with the large sum presented to her as a Jubilee gift in 1887 by the daughters of her Empire. The nurses visit and tend the sick poor in their own homes. This work was greatly extended, over and above the late Queen's endowment, by annual subscriptions raised in the various towns. But in some places now the Queen's Nurses' Committees are finding their income so diminished that they have had to close some of their centres, and there is danger of their having to stop work altogether. Surely the classes of workmen who are earning such enormous additions to their wages at present ought to give something to such a charity, in aid of those less lucky members of their own class to whom the war has meant no sort of profit, but disaster all round.

What can one say to comfort the mothers to whom this Christmas must bring reminiscences, charged with woe, of earlier years and bright young presences that will never more return? Doubtless it is a source of great pride to be able to say, like the mother of Coriolanus, "Thou art my warrior—I helped to frame thee"; but, alas! it is more human to cry with the Duchess of York, in "Richard II.," "Have we more sons, or are we like to have? And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age, and rob me of a happy mother's name?" It is a harsh feature of a voluntary system of filling the fighting forces that mothers are called upon (as by a poster about our streets) to be themselves the instruments of sending their sons to war. It is a painful position in which to place a mother—to leave her to choose whether she shall think her son a coward, or with her own voice and her influence send him from her into the war. A high-souled mother will not hesitate or cavil, it is true, but it is a wrong position, and one in which the mothers of no other land are placed. What must be, *must*, and we resign ourselves; but to ask a woman if she prefers her boy's spirit or his life and strength is a torturing choice. Of course, many excellent sons have not asked their mothers to choose; they have come home and said, "Mother, I felt I ought to go, and I have done so!" For mothers whose cherished boys so chose and acted, and who now must sit in the dark amidst Christmas joys and weep, there should be a holy pride behind the sorrow. As Bishop Jeremy Taylor says, when children "have spent some years of youth, and are entered into arts and society, when the parents are to reap the comfort of all their cares, then it breaks the spirit to lose them. But since we hope he is gone to God and to rest, it is an ill expression of our love to weep for his good fortune." And the Bishop then points out that it is no real cause for sorrow that the lost beloved had acquired arts and sciences before he died, for this was all to the good for him; and yet we need not regret that he has not lived to use them, "for he now needs them not, being now provided for in the manner of eternity." And, finally, the one really comforting thought (if any such there be) is that the sense of loss will not endure for ever.

PRETTY FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN.

On the left is a smart little taffeta frock with collar and cuffs of fine muslin. The second little girl's dress is made of triple Ninon and Valenciennes lace, and has a sash of broad satin ribbon.

Eggs are, perhaps, the article of food most increased in price. The Christmas pudding will do almost equally well with but few eggs if a good proportion of bread-crumbs and the grated outside of a large carrot be put in the ingredients. Eggs can be put by in the summer, when they are to be had really new-laid, and comparatively cheap. I "pickled" several dozen in July and August with "silicate of soda." This is generally sold by chemists under the name of "water glass"; it is no patent, but an ordinary chemical combination which just seals the pores of the egg so as to exclude the air and the germs in it that cause decay if admitted. The egg is in no way injuriously affected, and the process is simplicity itself. My "pickled" eggs are perfectly fresh and good now for fritters and puddings. They do not always poach or fry satisfactorily, and are apt to crack when boiled; but this last fault can be to some extent prevented by pricking the shell in several places with a large needle before putting the eggs in the water.

FILOMENA.

For the Nurse.

Now so many ladies are engaged in nursing our wounded soldiers they find it a matter of considerable difficulty to keep their hands nice. The continual use of water and disinfectants ruins the skin and makes the hands rough and harsh. The way to avoid this trouble is to apply a little La-rola every time the hands are washed.

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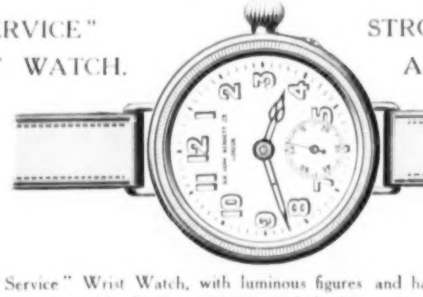

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takes a little time to make—another thing which emphasises how different it is from others, but as a result of this, its nourishment is imparted much more easily and quickly, and consequently children are sooner at rest.

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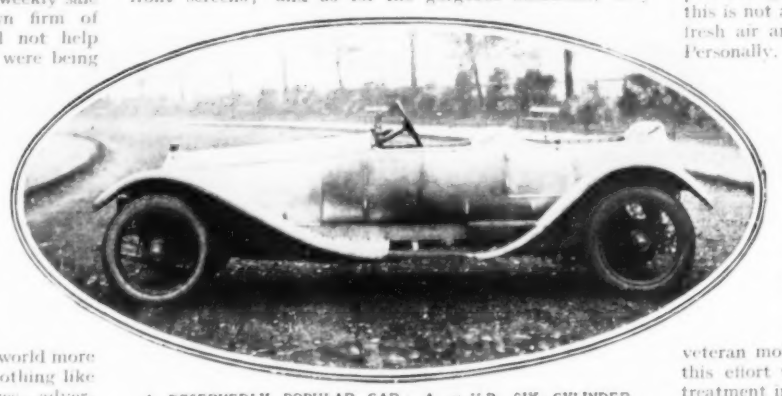
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

GUARANTEED TO PREVENT & CURE OR MONEY RETURNED.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Covered Cars. I was looking through the weekly sale catalogue of a well-known firm of motor auctioneers the other day, and could not help noticing what a large number of covered cars were being offered to the public for sale. Is this a sign of retrenchment and economical reform, or has the war and the open-air training of the males of the nation brought about a return of the older form of motoring—the open car? It is always easy to ask questions, but difficult at times to find the right answer, and in this particular case I own to being rather puzzled to find the correct reply to the query. There is, no doubt, a general feeling of fitness in the air, as nearly everybody is in training, either as soldiers, or policemen, Red Cross workers, munition-makers, and anti-aircraft sailors; while owing to the shortage of men, the women have entered the motoring world more prominently than in times gone by. There is nothing like a run in an open car for rejuvenating tired nerves—advertisement-copy writers please note this is "patented"—and no doubt we are all living somewhat in an atmosphere of tension, so that fresh air appeals to the majority of motorists as a pick-me-up. In the early days of motoring, users of the then new form of self-propelled carriage looked down upon such folk who wanted front screens; and as for the gorgeous limousine, they would not have got into it. No, in those days, if you did not look well weather-beaten in countenance, be-goggled, and wrapped up in hairy-looking garments, you were not considered a motorist. To-day, in the era of the covered car, you step out of that carriage as spruce in attire as you left the house, without any signs of being wind-torn or dishevelled. I fancy we are going back to the ways of the early motorist—and motor-veils.



A DESERVEDLY POPULAR CAR: A 40-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER LANCHESTER.

Lady Drivers. The latter article of attire, being strictly feminine, reminds me that the lady driver is becoming supreme. She it is, I fancy, who is making us take to the open car, because she feels more comfortable driving this type of motor conveyance than the closed car. After all that may be said or written on the subject, it is our women-folk nine times out of ten who decide the type of car, as regards its super-carriage, that we buy. Man in his lofty eminence may have a voice in the kind of chassis, but in the coachwork and its decorations we fall under petticoat government quite willingly. I am not sure that this is not a good thing, especially if it takes the view that fresh air and plenty of it is good for our constitution. Personally, I have blown many a cold away in a run from London to Edinburgh in winter weather, notwithstanding having to encounter rain, icy blasts, fog, and general bad atmospheric conditions on the trip. Mankind will be better for hardening, and the discarding of the covered car may help in this direction, as we were all getting too fond of luxury and soft cushions.

Replacing Men. There is one aspect of the lady driver that deserves further comment. I notice an effort is being made to get the age of motor drivers lowered, so that youths under seventeen may take out a driving "brevet." Writing as a veteran motorist getting into the sere and yellow, I hope this effort will not meet with success. All the open-air treatment in the world will not revive my nerves if I find myself driven by a youth who will "open out" on every possible occasion; for experience has taught me youth likes speed, and speed at any cost. No; give me the lady driver instead. I do not see why the strong, muscular, clean-limbed girl of to-day cannot become quite an efficient chauffeur to replace the paid man driver. But she must

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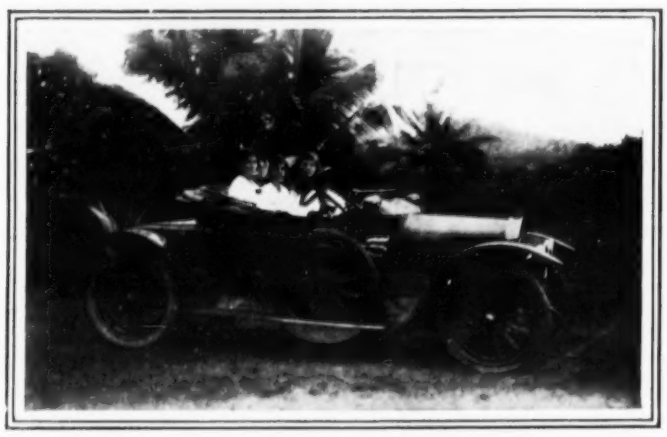

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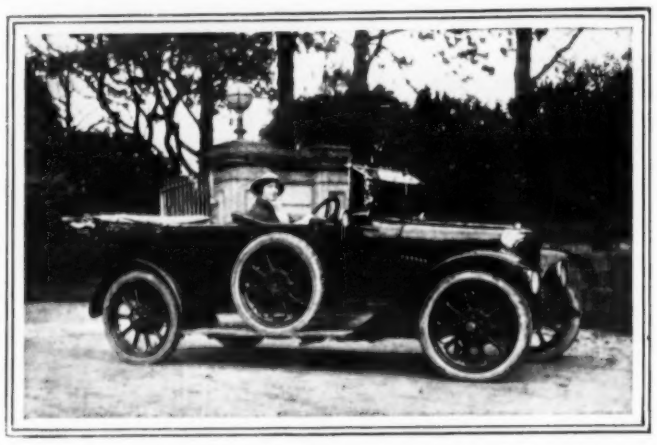
The owner of this car has done 7331 miles without spending a penny on repairs or replacements. The original sparking-plugs, for instance, are still in use. The tyre record is just as happy. The first puncture occurred at the 6125th mile, and three of the original tyres are still in use; as well as the spare non-skid. A front tyre was burst by a sharp bullock-shoe. This on roads and tracks down which few other cars dared venture in the Straits Settlements.



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Messrs. Arrol-Johnston, Ltd., cancelled all car orders at the beginning of the war, and put their factories and staff at the disposal of the War Office. They now turn out the remarkably successful Beardmore aero-engine.

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¶ The Tread, being moulded to the casing, is an integral part of the Tyre, will not work loose, and furthermore

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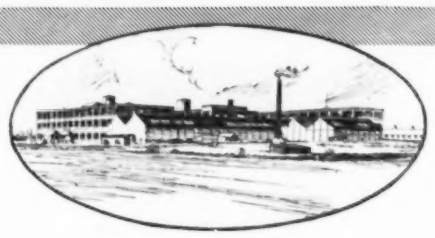

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¶ FOR the owner who uses no chauffeur it is difficult to improve upon the Arrol-Johnston model—*the car with no small troubles.*

Arrol-Johnston

A *post-war* note to motorists.

WHEN the curtain is rung down on the scene of war Swift cars will be more in evidence than ever before. To-day our entire factory is under Government control and we are therefore unable to supply cars to private users, but to every motorist who can conveniently wait, we urge the advisability of doing so. The value of the experience we are gaining by handling delicate Government work will be manifold in the production of Swift cars after the war, and, high as the Swift standard has always been, it will be even higher. For that reason we suggest waiting.

SWIFT

SWIFT MOTOR CO., LTD., COVENTRY.
LONDON - - - 132-4, LONG ACRE, W.C.
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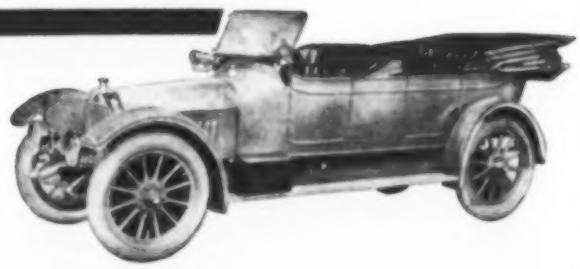

PRESIDENT POINCARÉ ENTERING HIS SIZAIRE-BERWICK.

At the present time our works are engaged upon the production of munitions of war. We invite enquiry for cars, however, and are fulfilling orders in rotation as quickly as circumstances permit.

SIZAIRE BERWICK

ONE CHASSIS ONLY—20 h.p.

F. W. BERWICK & CO., LTD.,
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'Grams: "Berwicars, London." 'Phone: Gerrard 1135 and 3056.

SB

Continued.

be well selected. Any girl can steer a car, but she must be physically strong to stand the strain of the road—the countless minor shocks to her nerves caused by the many errors of judgment made by the other road-users. Also, it requires a considerable amount of muscular fitness to swing a refractory engine, attend to the minor road troubles such as punctures, and generally to look to the welfare of the mechanism. Still, there are plenty of girls who have the necessary attributes, and who have not taken up the vocation of motor-driver because the emoluments have not been sufficiently attractive. Pay the right type of girl the right amount of remuneration, and it will produce 20,000 trustworthy drivers. Give them the jobs, not the harum-scarum youths of fifteen to sixteen whom the agitation seeks to get licensed as motor-smashers.

Unsaleable Cars. Judging by the hundreds of cars advertised in auction-sale catalogues and in the Press each week, there must be a very large number of unsaleable cars in the market. If that is not the reason, then it is useless to suggest that the supply cannot meet the demand. I can quite understand the difficulty of getting rid of a Ford car now, as Mr. Henry Ford of that ilk has, by his anti-British attitude—through his so-called Peace talk—made every patriotic Britisher hate the thought of ever owning one, however cheap they might be. Even the traders have barred them, judging from a letter sent by the Secretary of the Fruiterers' Association of Liverpool to the Press. In this epistle he states, "I am directed by the executive of this association [the members of which are large users of Ford motors] to inform you that it was resolved, in view of Mr. Henry Ford's attitude to the recent loan arranged in the United States of America on behalf of the British and French Allies, that the members be recommended not to purchase in future any vehicle of any description made by the Ford Company. I shall be glad if you will publish this letter, which may be the means of other trades signifying their disapproval in the same way." I notice, however, that though the general Press has barred the Ford Company's advertisements, yet certain other journals still continue this firm's pushful campaign in various publicity forms. Perhaps these will cease to have any influence on the readers at the moment, so it may be a form of "joke"—money for nothing. W. W.

Good chocolate is both a pleasant luxury and a sustaining food, and it is always an acceptable gift to men on active service. Messrs. Cadbury supply boxes of chocolate conveniently arranged for sending to the front, with labels for the address. They also, of course, make many varieties of fancy boxes suitable for Christmas presents. It is unnecessary to expatiate on the quality of their chocolate, for it is well known that whatever emanates from Bournville comes as near perfection in its kind as is possible, both as regard purity and palatability.

CHESS.

To Correspondents.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

J P Taylor (Moretonhampstead).—Thanks for papers. We can quite understand the interest caused by the articles.

Hereward.—Both positions to hand. We are pleased to see you "keeping it up" so well.

H V M (Cambridge).—We have a preference for problems on which five minutes are spent in polishing as well as ten minutes in composing.

Walter Russell (City Chess Club).—We are greatly indebted to your kindness.

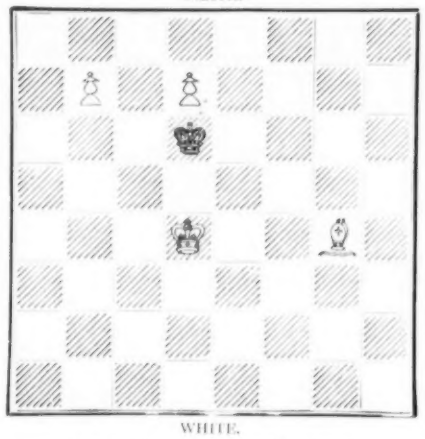
F L Manour (Quinney, Mass., U.S.A.).—We fear you do not know what would be the fate of a chess editor who published a problem beginning 1. Q takes Kt or 1. R to B 4th (ch). Boiling oil would be a soothing application to his tortures.

Y Kontuniemi (Raahe, Finland).—Your post-card arrived in time.

C Willing (Philadelphia).—Many thanks.

PROBLEM No. 3721.—By Y. Kontuniemi (Raahe).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 3718.—By Philip H. Williams.

WHITE	BLACK
1. R to B sq	Any move.
2. Mate accordingly.	

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 3715 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 3717 from Frank Manour (Quinney, Mass., U.S.A.) and A V Markwell (Cavalla, Macedonia); of No. 3718 from H P Cole (Tunbridge Wells), L Chomé La Rogue (Kensington), and J W Crook (Waterford); of No. 3719 from A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), M E Onslow (Bournemouth), J Marshall Bell (Buckhaven), Jacob Verrall (Rodwell), Captain Challice (Great Yarmouth), Blair H Cochrane (Harting), P A (Archon), M Young (Malta), and L Chomé La Rogue.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 3721 received from J J Dennis (Gosport), H Grawtt Baldwin (Sunningdale), J Fowler, J S Forbes (Brighton), A H Arthur (Bath), J Smart, F Addison (Greenwich), J F G Pietersen (Kingswinford), A W Hamilton Gell, W Lillie (Marple), F J Overton (Sutton Coldfield), Captain Challice, J C Stackhouse (Torquay), W H Winter (Modstead), L Chomé La Rogue, H S Brandreth (Penzance), Rev. J Christie (Redditch), T T Gurney (Cambridge), Cecil R (Godalming), and R C Durell (South Woodford).

We give, as usual at Christmas, some brevities from first-class play.—

Game played at the Mannheim Tournament, between Messrs. Spielmann and Flamberg.

(Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. Castles Q R	P to Q B 3rd
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	12. Kt takes P	P takes Kt
3. P to B 4th	P to Q 4th	13. R takes P	Q to K 3rd
4. P takes K P	Kt takes P	14. B to Q B 4th	Q to K 5th
5. Kt to B 3rd	B to K Kt 5th	15. B takes Kt	
6. Q to K 2nd	Kt to B 4th	Black resigns.	
7. P to Q 4th	B takes Kt		
8. Q takes B	Q to R 5th (ch)		
9. P to Kt 3rd	Q takes Q P		
10. B to K 3rd	Q takes P		

Black wastes time with his Knight and Queen in the first ten moves, and then can make no resistance to White's well-developed attack.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the American Western Chess Association, between Messrs. Wolbrecht and Alderson.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	9. Kt to B 3rd	K takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	10. P takes Kt	P to K Kt 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	11. R to K sq (ch)	K to B 2nd
4. Castles	Kt takes P	12. Q tks Q P (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
5. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	13. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd
6. Kt takes P	B to Q 2nd	14. R takes B (ch)	
7. Kt takes P	K takes Kt	White plays in fine style, and mates in five moves.	
8. Q to R 4th (ch)	K to K 3rd		

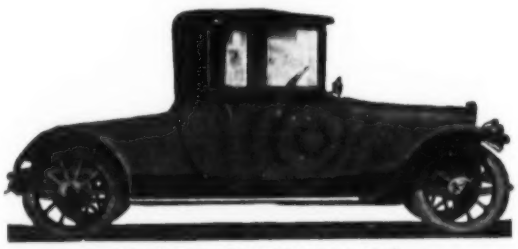
Game played in the British Chess Federation Tournament, between Messrs. W. H. Watts and F. Brown.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	10. P to K 5th	B takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3rd	B to Kt 5th	11. P takes B	B takes B
3. Kt to K 5th	B to R 4th	12. P takes Kt	B takes Q
4. P to K B 3rd	P to K B 3rd	13. PtksQandQ'n's R	takes Q
5. Kt to Q 3rd	P to K 3rd	14. K takes B	
6. P to K 3rd	B to Q 3rd	Black resigns.	
7. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to K 2nd		
8. B to K 2nd	Castles		
9. P to K 4th	B to Kt 3rd		

Black's ninth move is the fatal mistake. The progress of White's Pawn is remarkable.

Mr. Henry James's legion of admirers will heartily welcome the new edition of his works which is being published in half-crown volumes by Mr. Martin Secker. The neat and handy *format*, with good paper and clear print, leaves nothing to be desired, and each volume is just of a convenient size to carry in the coat pocket comfortably. The volumes that have appeared are "The Coxon Fund," "The Beast in the Jungle," "The Reverberator," "The Death of the Lion."



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